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*We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Mr. Lloyd George has produced his Budget, and the politicians and the public seem to be in doubt whether it is a good sound investor's Budget or a speculator's. According to the "Standard", when a Unionist M.P. interpolated the word "Speculation" on Tuesday the Chancellor of the Exchequer stopped for a moment whilst Ministerialists angrily shouted "Order". The word "speculation"—the "Times" we notice mischievously calls it "A Speculative Budget"—acts as a regular blister just now, whereas "investment" acts as a balm. Yet if we examine the classical genesis of the two words, surely "speculation" is quite as respectable a word as "investment".

The sensation of the Budget was size—an estimated revenue for the financial year of between a hundred and ninety-five and a hundred and ninety-six million pounds! Mr. Austen Chamberlain, in his very weighty and—what is by no means always the same thing—very able speech, told us that beyond doubt our expenditure was growing faster than our revenue. It was the gravest truth uttered in the debate; and it should be taken to heart by all but flighty and irresponsible people.

Another point in Mr. Chamberlain's speech was well made. He showed on Mr. Lloyd George's own figures the utter failure of the Land Taxes; and Mr. Lloyd George sat listening and could not deny what he said! The taxes are costly to collect and their produce is contemptible. Some of them are a dead loss to the nation. Only one pays well—the mineral duty—and that is not a true land tax at all! So the whole system is costly and useless and aggravating. The new Domesday is a fraud, and when a Unionist

Government comes in it will have to be shelved or ended. It is the worst publishing venture any Government of modern times has taken up.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain is now the first authority on Finance in the House of Commons. He is listened to with respect by the Government side as well as his own; and beyond all question the fact that such a critic and authority, steady and sane, is a strong disbeliever in the doctrine of Free Trade as the Government preach it to-day and a strong Tariff Reformer is significant. Causes make headway and the reverse not a little through the character and intellects of some of the leading men who support them.

The most remarked feature of Mr. Lloyd George's speech was certainly its chastened tone—it was correct in form and unoffending to dullness almost. It had not a sentence from start to finish remotely suggesting that its author could make a hit on an East End platform. It included neither diabolic Dukes nor Dartmoor dotage. Its sum total of levity, moreover, was represented by a mild, old-fashioned Budget jest or two about beer and medicine labels. What's wrong, as Mr. Chesterton might ask, with demagoguery?

Mr. Austen Chamberlain by the way had what looked like a sly thrust at the Chancellor of the Exchequer! Congratulating him on his lucidity, Mr. Chamberlain declared he would make "a magnificent writer of prospectuses for any company". But is not this "an innuendo"? Will not the Marconi Committee send for Mr. Austen Chamberlain and cross-examine him in the matter? One can imagine the series of searching questions which Mr. Handel Booth and Mr. Falconer would put to Mr. Chamberlain.

The Marconi Committee has now very thoroughly looked into the Poulsen "conspiracy". There were false rumours about Ministers. Who started them? It was bound to be asked—Cui bono? Everybody, one would imagine, who thought the Marconi contract unadvised and rash. Accordingly many names were mentioned; and everybody turned up and denied it was he that set the scandal rolling.

Major Archer Shee M.P. came out of his examination with an absolutely clean record in every possible respect; and the suggestion that he is responsible for the rumours is of course completely exploded. He had no mercenary interest whatever in the Poulsen Company, though he believed in it. Major Archer Shee took no shares in the company; or in any other wireless company.

We have a natural respect for House of Commons Committees. They impress all people of any judgment and intelligence that have had anything to do with them or followed their operations. There is nothing better that comes out of the House of Commons than its Committees. And the Marconi Committee is a very good example. Yet there are things a House of Commons Committee cannot very well do, and one of these is tackle to advantage a strong-willed and exceptionally able witness who makes up his mind at the outset that he is going his own way. Mr. Belloc was a witness of this kind.

When a witness says in effect "That's all the reply you'll get"—a House of Commons Committee is awkwardly placed. To a court faced by a witness of this kind somebody in "Alice in Wonderland" would have probably exclaimed "Consider your verdict!" The Committee does not say this. It says instead "Clear the room", and Mr. Belloc exclaims in a firm voice "Hand me my hat, please"—and they hand it him. We of course know that clearing the room is quite a wise and necessary step to take sometimes; and no doubt this Committee, as others, have taken it discreetly. Yet as one reads it in the papers the effect is perilously near the absurd somehow. It would be very different if a Committee could cause its witnesses to be marched off to the cells for refractory conduct. In a court of law of course they manage these things in another way.

Mr. Belloc is indeed the kind of witness we should drop like a very hot chestnut after a question or two. He is as awkward a witness as Sam Weller proved in the *Pickwick* and *Bardell* case. Here are a few of his replies on Thursday. Mr. Booth: "You used the phrase 'has to my knowledge'. I ask again—". Mr. Belloc: "And I repeat that the phrase 'to my knowledge' signifies . . . satisfaction as to the integrity and opportunity of knowledge of my informant".

Mr. Booth: "Your own knowledge?" Mr. Belloc: "When the informant is good and sound and likely to know, I call that knowledge". Mr. Booth: "Do you call it your personal knowledge?" Mr. Belloc: "I used that phrase in that sense. If it seems to you as a critic of scholarly English that that is too strong a phrase, I shall take care in future to amend my English". What are you to do with a witness like this? The King or Queen in "Alice" would no doubt have exclaimed angrily "Off with his head".

Lord Haldane's "plainness and simplicity" was on Monday too much for the gravity of the House of Lords. He hoped he had made the military policy of the Government clear. He certainly made it clear, as did Lord Crewe on Thursday of last week, that the Government, knowing it has failed, will do nothing further. He still admits that 500,000 men are a minimum second line. He also admits that the Territorials come short of this. Thereafter he fastens responsibility on the National Service League. Lord Curzon attacked him here sans miséricorde. Lord Curzon's speech, in lucidity and facing of facts, was more than an attack upon Lord Haldane. It was a lesson for Lord Haldane in exposition.

While Lord Haldane was hiding the Army behind the Fleet, Prince Louis of Battenberg was insisting elsewhere that the Fleet was not intended to hide the Army. Lord Haldane's talk about the Navy was

shuffling away from the point. This is a military problem—how to meet a possible invasion of 70,000 men—and to bring the Navy in is irrelevant. "The Fleet alone", said Prince Louis, "cannot keep an invader away"—this, from the First Sea Lord, who is scarcely likely to disparage ships for the greater glory of soldiers.

Lord S. Aldwyn took much the same line on the second reading in the House of Lords of the Provisional Taxation Bill that Mr. Austen Chamberlain took in the House of Commons. If Mr. Lloyd George had worked the old custom as other Chancellors of the Exchequer did there would have been no reason for upsetting it. Now that the custom must be legalised there are innumerable difficulties in defining and limiting it. Neither Lord S. Aldwyn nor Mr. Chamberlain thinks that new taxes should be excluded from the financial resolutions. Mr. Lloyd George left them out because his friends feared Tariff Reform resolutions. Lord S. Aldwyn objects to the subject being so disposed of; and he advised the second reading as there is to be a Committee to inquire.

Mr. Samuel gave himself a good character on Thursday in the House of Commons talking of telephones. Telephones will severely test the Government, which will have to do better than the old company. The English telephone system is still far behind the American—more especially in the country districts, on whose behalf Mr. Long supported a motion for the reduction of Mr. Samuel's salary. One good thing Mr. Samuel can claim for his administration. It is fast finding a use for its boy labour. At one time the Post Office was one of the worst blind alleys for boys; but the reproach is now almost wiped out. In four years the number of boys discharged at sixteen has fallen from 4400 to 433.

The public has for weeks refused to hear the suffragettes in Hyde Park. The public has week after week been riotous in Hyde Park, so that the suffragette meetings might be impossible. The police, unable to protect the suffragettes from the crowd, have protested that these meetings are a peril to life and limb; and the Government has forbidden them. What does the public do now? It hoots the police for depriving it of an opportunity to hoot the suffragettes. Some women on Sunday, trying to hold improvised meetings, were told by the police that these meetings might not proceed. The public, already rioting so that these suffragettes should not be heard, immediately began to riot in favour of free speech. "Are we in Russia?" it said. Clearly the public thinks that speeches should be allowed, if only that it may assert the right of every free citizen not to listen.

When Mr. McKenna, in the debate on the Cat and Mouse Bill, moved the closure several Radical M.P.s angrily shouted "Gag!" For curiosity's sake one would like to have the names of these protesters. Partisanship may be extremely common in party politics; but we confess we find it hard to realise that any Radical M.P. in this Parliament can have the brazen effrontery to protest against the gag used against himself or his friends. For what are the facts? For Sessions and years past the whole body of the Radicals in the House of Commons have been constantly voting for the gagging, closing, guillotining of all their opponents. They have lived by the gag and on the gag, and had their very being in this brutal and tyrannic thing.

The Radical party has given up all pretence of caring a straw for liberty of speech. It has almost ceaselessly been employed in stifling liberty of speech, which was once a great principle in English public life. Bill after bill, debate after debate, has been treated thus in the House of Commons, Liberals, Radicals, Labour M.P.s, Socialists, Irish Nationalists all trooping into the Lobby at the crack of the party whip to vote for the gagging and guillotining of free speech in the House

of Commons. We can hardly recall a solitary protest one weak or strong M.P. on their side has made against this tyranny.

The gag and guillotine have not even been applied simply to silence obstruction; for everybody knows that there has been very little in the nature of effective parliamentary obstruction of late years. Indeed the gag has been applied before the debates began! Free speech has been gagged in advance, by means of what these assassins of free speech humorously describe as "Time Tables". It does then really almost pass belief that any Radical in the House of Commons should play at being angry when one of his leaders once more applies the usual gag—this time by chance against the inclination of a few members of his own side. No: Radical M.P.s may be free-traders and free thinkers, they may even be free agents up to a point. But free speakers is the last thing in the world any member of the Radical party in the House of Commons can claim to be.

We have a little bone to pick with the "Westminster Gazette". It suggests that Mr. Moore M.P. is "ungrateful" because he still insists that he was quite right in the line he took up. Does the "Westminster"—a journal of high repute and judgment—think that Mr. Moore, in consideration of being reinstated in the House by the Government, should have proclaimed that he had been wrong and the Chair right? Surely that would be immoral and dishonest in Mr. Moore. Even suppose Mr. Asquith and the Chair did, for the sake of kindness and mercy, bring back Mr. Moore, should Mr. Moore therefore, for the sake of gratitude, go back on what he firmly believes to be the truth? We think not.

Blunt honesty like Mr. Moore's, obstinate honesty, may of course cause a disagreeable atmosphere at times. When there has been a quarrel and a scene, and it has apparently all been nicely made up and settled, and one of the parties declares at the end of these operations, "What I said was the simple truth"—the effect is disconcerting. It is the habit of plain truth to be disconcerting. We should therefore prefer to say not with the "Westminster Gazette" that Mr. Moore was "ungrateful" but that he was disconcerting.

Scutari has fallen, and no one has yet been able to tell whether this makes things worse or better. Austria is inclined to be impatient; Russia to be elated; but no one can measure the effect upon Montenegro. Now that honour is satisfied, will Montenegro be more willing to listen to the Powers? Will Montenegro now have the leisure to observe that Montenegro is blockaded?

Before Scutari fell the Allies had answered; and their answer almost justifies Mr. Asquith's cheerfulness before the Foreign Press Association on Wednesday. The Powers are at one, he tells us; the Allies have, in principle, accepted their dictation. But Scutari is one of those "points of difficulty" which Mr. Asquith fears may or may not "emerge". Luckily the horrors of war were spared when Scutari fell. The garrison marched out with honours of war. It would be fatal if passion were anywhere at this moment to get loose.

There is to be an inquiry into Herr Liebknecht's allegations against the Krupp and other armament firms, and into the supply of armaments generally; but a constitutional dispute has arisen between the Reichstag and the Imperial Chancellor. The Budget Committee claims that the inquiry ought to be considered a Reichstag inquiry, and include members of the Reichstag and experts selected by it. This it is maintained is merely an extension of its rights to control expenditure. The Chancellor denies the competency of the Reichstag to assume any such executive power, this being purely a Govern-

ment function. The Chancellor is, however, willing to arrange for the appointment of an impartial and searching Committee on which deputies with expert knowledge shall sit.

The Belgian strike has had an almost miraculous success; though the stoppage of work never appeared to reach paralysing completeness. The Government agreed to a motion in Parliament which embodied the franchise concessions required by the Liberals and Socialists. The Strike Committee declared itself satisfied and advised the resumption of work. At a meeting on Thursday the men agreed to follow this advice and the strike ended. The general or national strike for political objects has thus been tried for the first time; and its success would be disturbing if it were not evident that the Belgian strikers had been forcing a door already effectively open.

The jury in the Anti-Vivisection Libel Case decided on their verdict for the "Pall Mall Gazette" so quickly that it looked like a protest against the scandalous waste of sixteen days. Many thousands of pounds have been squandered on a trumpety libel action brought by a femme enragée who could not bear patiently the same kind of criticism which she has lavished on her opponents. Miss Lindaf-Hageby carried on her cause under a similar kind of mental excitement to that of the militant suffragists, and it was more as an advertisement of the cause than because really serious allegations were made against herself that she brought the action. She was fortunate in going before a Judge who gave her unlimited opportunities of pushing her propaganda in an unsuitable arena.

Nothing of importance results from the trial. It is nothing new that an honest controversialist may be unfair. The question of vivisection and anti-vivisection is left just where it was. The moral iniquity of all experiments on animals is just as doubtful or absurd a proposition announced in Court as it is on a platform. Whether all the restrictions and inspection applied to vivisection to prevent abuse are what they ought to be is not any plainer from what took place at the trial. The recommendations of the Commission of last year and the Bill to embody those recommendations are more likely to settle these questions. Possibly the physiologists, with their germ theories and inoculations, are to a great extent faddists and fanatics as well as Miss Hageby. But, clever woman though she is, we should think her quite as incompetent to form opinions on these matters as most of the other members of Anti-vivisectionist Societies.

Few Judges are less conspicuous while on the Bench, or more so afterwards, than Lord Gorell, formerly Sir John Gorell Barnes, a great Judge of the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Courts. One reason was that he retired early, though not until he had served the full term for pension, and while he was still at an age when he had energy for further activities. It is four years since he left the High Court; and he was only sixty-five when he died. Yet his application to affairs after his retirement could hardly have been foreseen; as in spite of his massive, almost leonine, appearance he was not physically strong. He had a nervous breakdown which kept him from work over a year; and it was generally expected at the time that he would retire. His career was extraordinarily rapid. He was Queen's Counsel at forty, having only been twelve years at the Bar; and four years after that he was a Judge of the Division of which he was President on his retirement in 1909.

Though he was President of the Division in which the Divorce Court is held, and often sat in that Court, he was more prominent as the Chairman of the Divorce Commission than he had been as the Judge of the Court. As a law reformer he had little success from his own point of view. His proposals for making divorce law more lax, and for extending the jurisdiction in divorce



to County Courts, have not been approved by public or professional opinion—at least not by the Bar. All his efforts at legislation have failed up to the present. While he himself called the Court the "pig-sty" of the community, his colleague Mr. Justice Phillimore even refused to hear divorce cases, being conscientiously opposed to divorce. This was hard for the President, but it gave him the pleasure of saying that he supposed next a Unitarian Judge would refuse to sit with the Trinity Masters.

It seems that not the Italian Government alone is interfering with the Layard Collection. Major Layard, it is understood, is seeking to interpret the phrasing of Sir Henry Layard's will in his own favour. This will vaguely leaves the testator's collection of portraits to his nephew. Does the context sufficiently clearly indicate that the only portraits Sir Henry had in mind were ordinary family likenesses, as distinct from works of art, like Bellini's "Mohammed" or the Portrait by Antonello da Messina?

A Watch Committee in Chicago has decided that "as America is not a race of artists" pictures of the naked human form must not be exhibited save in licensed premises—art galleries for instance. We have now to distinguish between artists who can find a clean pleasure in the human form and Americans who cannot.

The National Theatre Committee will not get a penny out of the Government. It should cultivate the Opposition. Mr. Ellis Griffith dwelt almost exclusively on the absurdity of throwing away public money on an object which could not possibly turn a vote in the country. He did not deal with the possible advantages or disadvantages for English drama of a national theatre. He just insisted that it was the project of a "cultured minority"; which therefore might be safely ignored.

Mr. Griffith, by the way, quite misses the point of a national theatre. It does not propose to play to empty houses, or coerce the public into attending. It is a common-sense alternative to the ordinary conditions of play-producing, according to which managers do not mind risking a hundred per cent. loss in prospect of a hundred per cent. gain. The English theatre is at present degraded by managers who make fortunes by hitting the public rage one time in ten. So long as this is the only principle of management the "interested, educated, and enthusiastic public opinion" demanded by Mr. Griffith cannot have a chance of emerging. Show me the fruit, says Mr. Griffith, and I will help you to plant the tree.

Mr. Lynch suggested that a national theatre in 1613 might quite possibly have overlooked Shakespeare. He was aptly followed by Sir William Anson, who gave away the case for a national theatre in every other line. His reflexions upon modern drama, to borrow some necessary adjectives of Lord Hugh Cecil, were pointless and silly. His speech drove home the fears of Mr. Lynch concerning a national theatre connected in any way with either of the learned Universities. Sir William assures us that the management of a national theatre would always be "on the look-out for new genius". Oxford certainly is. The Vice-Chancellor of Oxford has in the last twelve months been even more vigilant than the Lord Chamberlain.

Sir Arthur Pinero has suggested smoking in theatres, and the public is after him full cry. This is not a quarrel between smokers and non-smokers. It is a quarrel between people who realise there is a difference between a theatre and a music-hall, and people who do not. We do not believe that "legitimate" drama is going to be ousted—that the theatre will become a sort of music-hall, or that the music-hall will become a sort of theatre. Stage-plays have lasted three hundred years, and the public will continue to go to them. The play-going habit is quite distinct from the music-hall habit; and the symbol of this distinction is smoking. Sir Arthur Pinero will not carry his point. If he did, he would be carrying the point of his own extinction.

#### "TA-RA-RA-BOOM-DE-AY."

SOME years ago a music-hall actress scored an immense success by a song with the refrain of "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay". The word of course meant nothing; but it conveyed a general sense of the fact that we were all jolly fine fellows, and that Great Britain was the greatest country in the world. Stripped of the phrases which the Treasury officials keep set up in type, Mr. Lloyd George's Budget is simply "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay". Finding himself on a flood-tide of prosperity, with shops, factories and shipyards bursting with opulence, the Chancellor of the Exchequer exclaims, "Here we are in a boom, and I will budget on it. We are the richest nation in the world; our wealth advances by leaps and bounds; trade is good for another six months at least; that is good enough for me". It is indeed impossible not to admire the Chancellor of the Exchequer's courage, and his belief in the resources of his country. It reminds us of the conduct of the ancient Roman who bought a plot of land in the city when Hannibal was advancing to its gates. Having to face an estimated expenditure which exceeds by over seven millions an estimated revenue, the Chancellor of the Exchequer simply relies on an increased yield from the existing taxes. It is magnificent; but it is not finance. Not that we think the Chancellor of the Exchequer will be disappointed in his calculation; we believe, on the contrary, that, barring accidents, he will realise his figures. But then accidents do happen, and in no department of life more frequently than in the ebb and flow of international trade. Mr. Lloyd George is taking a big risk, and relieved as we must all be to find that there is no increase of taxation, we are not to be bribed into approving a financial policy which is built on nothing but the hope that everything will be for the best in this best of all possible worlds. It took a lifetime to cure Dr. Pangloss of that delusion; but with one eye, and half a nose, and empty pockets, and a peevish wife, he was cured at last.

Let us see on what resources the Chancellor of the Exchequer relies to meet his deficiency of £7,500,000. He begins by eliminating two adverse factors in last year's finance, which he regards as non-recurrent. The coal strike cost the revenue in round figures £500,000, and there was a holding back of dutiable goods until the new taxation was known. From the absence of these untoward happenings it is calculated that the revenue will gain £1,350,000; and increased yields are counted on from the taxes of 1909 (£845,000), from Customs (£1,715,000), from Excise (£850,000), Estate Duties (£1,502,000), Income-tax (£1,500,000), Land Value Duties (£300,000), and Post Office Telegraphs and Telephones (£1,450,000). These increases, together with £1,000,000 of Exchequer balances, which may be described in City language as a carry-forward, will make up the £7,500,000 which the Chancellor wants to balance his account. One source of increased income admits of no dispute. There were two Easter vacations in the last financial year; there will be no Easter in the current year; and Easter means the shutting of shops and the suspension of business. The "Times" correspondent calculates that the elimination of Easter (there having been two within 1912-13) will mean an additional £2,000,000 or £3,000,000; we should think that this is an exaggeration; but it will mean a substantial increase of revenue. All the other items of increase depend upon the continuance of prosperity, and the maintenance of peace. The growth of Customs and Excise Duties depends upon the eating and drinking of the masses; the profit from the Post Office depends on the number of letters and messages; the Income-tax depends on business generally, though as it is based on an average of three years' profits, it ought to yield more coming after two years of booming trade. We can make a further concession to Mr. Lloyd George. If nothing in the nature of a catastrophe happens, he will get his money even if the trade boom comes to an end



in the autumn. For it is after a boom, or in the tail of a boom, just as the inflation is beginning to subside, that the money is spent on luxuries, or finds its way to the Stock Exchange. Whilst the trade boom is in full swing, the money is wanted for business, for wages and plant and material. It is when the orders begin to slacken that men begin to count their gains, and to spend on their wives or their stockbrokers what they have painfully accumulated. But how does Mr. Lloyd George know that there will be a good harvest this year? There was a bumper harvest last year, everywhere but in Great Britain, so that the odds are in favour of a bad crop this season. Who can say that there will not be war between some of the Great Powers before the end of March 1914? Or a financial panic—we have not had one since the Baring Smash in 1889? As some broker said once, "the night is always in favour of the bears". We know by this time that our Chancellor of the Exchequer is on the side of the bulls (not of the angels, like Disraeli), and we do not think that the Budget of 1913 will diminish the distrust inspired by this volatile politician in the graver financial circles of the City.

And yet what wonderful luck this man has! Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Gladstone and Sir Michael Hicks Beach had to cope with pestilence and famine and war; Mr. Lloyd George is floated over his most audacious schemes of social reform by a wave of national prosperity that literally sweeps everything before it. Before a revenue of £195,000,000, the financial critic who hints danger ahead is put down as a churlish pedant. Twenty-five years ago the revenue and expenditure were about £87,000,000; the income-tax brought in £9,000,000; and this year it will bring in £45,000,000. There is something almost uncanny about this enormous wealth, in the midst of which it is well to remember that Mr. Lloyd George is only half-way through his programme of social reform. He told us himself that in a few years' time we should be spending £40,000,000 a year on old-age pensions and insurance. We are now threatened with a new and vast expenditure on education. In the meantime let us not lose sight of the changed proportion between direct and indirect taxation. The aim of former Chancellors of the Exchequer was to keep direct and indirect taxes as nearly equal as possible. But now direct taxes are 58 per cent. and indirect taxes 41 per cent. of our revenue from taxes: that is, that of a tax revenue of £160,000,000, £85,000,000 is supplied by direct, and £75,000,000 (in round numbers) by indirect taxation. Two things must be borne in mind with regard to taxes: first, that direct taxes, 58 per cent. of the whole, are paid by the million income-tax payers, who are one-thirtieth of the adult population; secondly, that the payers of direct taxes are also large contributors to indirect taxation. In the income-tax paying class, every householder, male and female, pays the Customs and Excise duties for himself and the members of his household. But for the next twelve months the Chancellor of the Exchequer has given us a respite, for which let us not withhold our gratitude.

#### A WORD TO RADICALS.

THE Marconi Inquiry—whatever else it does or leaves undone—has proved one thing to admiration. It has not proved corruption against any Minister. We never believed for a moment it would. But it has shown that the Radical and Liberal party is just as keen about money, just as keen about getting "good things" in the City, just as keen about laying out its thousands to the best advantage, and just as keen about "sticking to" those thousands as tight as those "Selfish Tories" and those "Idle Rich" whom it is constantly upbraiding in its platform speeches and in its Press.

The Marconi Inquiry has, incidentally, proved this—and we do not think that any clear-headed man in politics will choose to question the statement. How can

he do so, when he has read the evidence? If the public has read the evidence, it by now should be growing quite learned in the language and the practice of the City, of the Stock Exchange. It must know, for example, what are Bulls and Bears, what are Options, and how you deal in blocks of shares, and how you carry over, and all that sort of thing.

The evidence does then, beyond the vestige of a doubt, associate Radicals with these operations; and therefore it is time to put away, once and for all, the old superstition that Radicals hold rigidly aloof from the money market; do not speculate or invest in public companies; never promote or aid in the promotion of companies; know nothing and care less about such things as bulls and bears and options and contango and blocks of shares and jobbers and brokers and all the rest of that system which is remote from the lives of the labouring classes. In short, the Radical and Liberal party is to-day obviously quite as much of this world worldly as its wicked Tory opponents whom it is so fond of reproaching as selfish, worldly, fond of money and other possessions, and interested in new public companies and quotations on the Stock Exchange, and so forth.

"Why in the world should not a Radical have some money to invest or speculate in public companies as well as a Tory? Why should he not have his share of the good things of this world?" We hear a protesting politician exclaim at this point. We hasten to answer that there is no reason in the world why he should not have these things. We do not suggest for a moment that when a man declares himself a Radical he should strip himself of the substantial things and the comforts and material solaces of this world. We would not indeed call on him to strip himself of the bare necessities of a life of comparative luxury. We would say to him on the contrary, "By all means go to the City, if you know anything or think you know anything. By all means take your fair share of 'half the good things'"—Mr. Snowden's famous phrase ran somewhat thus, if we recall rightly—"that make life worth living, or the City worth going to". Our objection is not to Radicals and Radical M.P.s being secure or well-off or rich, and taking their share in the "good things" generally of life. We do not object to their having game preserves and shooting parties, to their hiring or buying or building week-end cottages or palaces. They can have these amenities of life and yet very likely be good Radicals. They can have these amenities we are quite sure and yet really sympathise with the poor and struggling, and wish to improve the state of the working classes, and to reduce the number of the Have-nots.

But what we do object to, and what every person who dislikes hypocrisy must object to, is that Radicals who possess and enjoy plenty of the "good things" of life, and who have money, and keep it, and invest it in public companies and in concerns which promise a good return, should upbraid the "selfish rich" and affect to regard money as filthy lucre and adopt the "sowre complexion" when the City or companies are mentioned; and be always trying to associate the Conservative party with these carnal matters.

Everybody knows that it is the pose of a section of the Radical party, a considerable section, with a Press daily and weekly at its bidding, to dissociate itself from "the City", from the holding of many possessions. It is the pose of the Sea-Greens; and we object to it very much indeed. We object to it, first, because it is hypocritical, and second because it is very unfair to the other side. Politicians who have their share, and—if Mr. Bernard Shaw's plan of precisely equal incomes were to be adopted—a large bit above their share of the "good things that make life worth living", should take heed henceforth. When they feel tempted to upbraid their opponents for selfishness and wealth they should bear in mind their own little weaknesses, and their own possessions. There will be time and to spare for them to twit the Tories when they have sold all they have and given the results to the poor.

## THE DEFENCE PROBLEM.

STREAMS of words and pious aspirations by various Government spokesmen in both Houses have really brought us very little nearer to a solution of the defence problem. That it is serious and not the bogey of irresponsible journalists and others is evident by the frequency with which the subject is raised by responsible public men. But the curse of party hangs over the whole controversy. On the one hand we have the Unionist official utterance naturally somewhat reserved on the question of compulsion in any form, and on the other hand we have the Government spokesmen and their organs in the Press, once more preparing to launch a preposterous and unscrupulous election campaign that the Unionist party will resort to conscription of the Continental type; and that, having achieved this end, they will, when in power, commit the country to a wild policy of militarism and aggression. We could hardly believe that any reputable journal would stoop to such gross misrepresentation. But at least one Radical organ has already done so. This state of affairs is deplorable from a national point of view, and its existence is solely due to the standpoint adopted by the Government. In a fine speech in the House of Lords last Monday, Lord Curzon urged that this vital issue should be placed above party, and that a conference between the leaders of both sides should decide what is really necessary for the welfare of the country. But there seems little prospect that this Government will adopt so patriotic a plan. Instead they prefer to treat the whole question from a party standpoint, and to attempt to score therefrom, by means of pitiful misrepresentations, some petty points which may impress on the ignorant and credulous.

The real issue is, Can the Territorials cope with a hostile force, call it invasion or raid, which may some day land on our shores after the expeditionary force has sailed? To this we can get no answer. A contemptible series of evasions and retractions of words is all we can get. First of all the Prime Minister tells us we should be able to deal with a force of 70,000. Then when questioned more closely other Ministers tell us that such a force could not evade our navy, and that the worst that could happen would be the landing of such a force in isolated detachments without cavalry or artillery. Of course the alleged conclusions of the Defence Committee and the General Staff are quoted ad nauseam. But we all know that at the meetings of the Defence Committee the Naval and Military members who are invited to attend are usually outnumbered by politicians and permanent officials in the ratio of two to one. These meetings, therefore, afford us no evidence of what the minority, otherwise the expert members, may have thought or said. Again, as regards the Admiralty Board, the Army Council or the General Staff, we know perfectly well, in spite of Sir J. French's remarks about Mr. Seely, that if its members disagree with the Government policy or aims, others will be found to take their places. At least, however, the new First Sea Lord appears to have a mind of his own, since he told us publicly the other day that the fleet alone cannot prevent a hostile landing on these shores. The presence of a sufficiently trained professional army in these islands at all times is quite as necessary as the other arm of the service. These are plain words, which contrast favourably with the evasive and irrelevant utterances of Mr. Seely and Lord Haldane. How can we fulfil the requirements enunciated by the First Sea Lord? It is obvious that, whether we are engaged in a war on the European Continent or in defence of one of our dependencies or colonies, it may become imperative at once to despatch the expeditionary force, in other words, nearly all the regular troops we possess at home. The inevitable wastage of war will infallibly before long use up the remainder of the regulars left behind, as well as the special reserve. Indeed, it is very questionable whether these

resources will prove adequate to our needs. Nothing then remains but the Territorial Force, which practically all independent experts, from Lord Roberts downwards, contend is not sufficiently well trained to stand the strain which must be imposed upon it. It is not so much a question of numbers, it is a question of efficiency. Indeed, as regards numbers, Lord Haldane admitted, during the House of Lords debate, in a moment of unusual candour, that the strength of the Territorial Army is not based on the numbers which are necessary, but on what we have a chance of obtaining. What an admission! Fancy a French or German War Minister making a similar avowal; and contrast the steps which are being taken in those countries to provide what is deemed necessary after careful consideration. Lord Haldane attempted to cloud the issue by traversing Lord Midleton's figures, and by imputing the admitted failure of the Territorial scheme to the adverse criticisms which have been made on its efficacy. All this is beside the mark. He carefully refrained from telling how he proposed to rectify matters, and even when the question of military training for schoolboys was raised, he maintained that this was a matter for the Educational authorities rather than the Military, because any more stalwart attitude would be resented by his peace-at-any-price followers.

To remedy the shortage in the already far too meagre Territorial establishment, he certainly had one proposition to make; and it shows his ignorance of such matters that he should have proposed it. The National Reserve is to come to the rescue. Now this force was inaugurated by private enterprise, which has hitherto received little encouragement, pecuniary or otherwise, from the Government. It was a sound idea, thus to label and keep in touch with men who had completed their services with the colours and the reserve, and if properly organised it might become a very valuable asset, answering to some extent to the Landsturm and Ersatz reserves in Germany and other countries. But to attempt to graft such a body, even if organised, on to the Territorial Army is doomed to failure. Old soldiers would not take kindly to the notion to be called up to serve under Territorial officers and non-commissioned officers; and old soldiers and young Territorials serving side by side would not produce a force possessing any military cohesion. We have already heard of cases where old soldiers are somewhat loth to join the National Reserve under civilian officers; but where they find that the company commanders happen to be ex-regulars their objections vanish. It may be said that such objections are narrow and trivial. But it is only natural that they should exist. No, it is certainly not by such means that the authorities will bolster up the Territorial failure. Something more drastic is needed, and the remedy lies in Lord Curzon's idea that the matter should forthwith be placed above party, and the supposed odium of instituting compulsion, the necessity for which is now clear to all independent men who know what they are talking about, not cast upon one of the great political parties. At Leeds last week Lord Roberts put the matter in its true proportion. Compulsion, in whatever form it may take, is a "radical and democratic reform", and no man can attain real citizenship unless, as well as possessing the right to vote, he also possesses the right and power to defend his country by the force of arms.

## DISESTABLISHMENT AT OXFORD.

IS there to be an Oxford edition of Mr. McKenna's magnum opus? This is the question that has to be answered by Convocation on Tuesday afternoon. Disestablishment at Oxford looks like an anomaly; when there are five Divinity professors and four Bishops to back it, it sounds like a paradox. Yet there is a chance of its being carried if those who are opposed to it do not bestir themselves. The danger comes from a misunderstanding of the issue. The



Divinity Schools do not take much room in the view of most Oxford men. To nine out of ten a curious building and an inconvenient examination are all that are left to remind them of the high place that *sacra theologia* once held in the University life. The question of the degrees does not come into their ken; the restrictions seem an archaism, at best perhaps an historical curiosity. What does it matter how people become D.D.s? Not one man in five hundred aspires to any such distinction. Not one man in a thousand wishes to examine undergraduates in the Honour School of Theology. To ask many hundreds of M.A.s to vote on a question that does not seem to concern them looks like an attempt to embroil them in a squabble in a school they never enter. Oxford has drifted so far on the tide of secularism that this kind of indifference is not surprising. When it is now within sight of the last conspicuous Christian landmark there are many who will sail past without a glance unless their attention is forced upon what they are leaving behind. What, then, is at stake in the rival manifestos and the letters in the "Times" and the voting in the Sheldonian?

The reformers make two proposals: in the first place that the examiners in the Honour School of Theology need neither be clergy as they are now nor be even Christians; in the second place that the degrees of Bachelor and Doctor of Divinity should, instead of being restricted to M.A.s in priests' orders, be secularised and become nothing more than tests of intellectual agility. If the proposals are carried, there is nothing to stop an atheist becoming an examiner or a Buddhist a doctor of divinity. Incidentally, and no doubt logically, the old prefix of *Sacra* is to be taken from *Theologia*. These recommendations are not new; nine years ago Convocation vetoed them by a three-to-one majority. They are now brought up again with the blessing of a majority of the dons in Congregation. Curiously enough the survival which might have appeared most likely to outrage the reformers, the restriction of the Divinity chairs to canonries of Christ Church and Rochester, is left untouched. Indeed the Canon Professors are taking an active part on the side of the secularists. Their names are no doubt useful to the Radicals, and though they are apparently hiding their heads in their cathedral stalls, it is obvious to everyone else that even if they preserve their own vested interests, when once the schools and the degrees are secularised the connexion between University chairs and Church dignities cannot continue. For these changes a very plausible case can be made. Why, it is asked, if a layman or a Nonconformist or a Jesuit can take a theological prize, should he not examine theological students? why, when M.A.s come out of Manchester and Mansfield should not D.D.s? why should the distinctions of the University intended for the whole nation be reserved for a particular denomination? These are the questions applied to the local circumstances of Oxford which Parliament has been debating for a year with reference to the National Church. The historical answer needs, in this Review at least, no elaboration. It cannot be controverted that Oxford, University and colleges, was for many centuries a religious institution; to the small remnant that is left of its property and influence the National Church has surely some right. Oxford, unlike the new Universities, receives no grant from the Treasury. There is, therefore, no question of the public control of University machinery.

The D.D. degree has always been regarded as a Church diploma; a long line of distinguished Churchmen has made it honourable, thanks to the Church it is highly esteemed. There are other Universities where the degree is open to everyone. Canon Scott Holland and his fellows seem to regard this as an argument for compulsory uniformity; it is surely an argument for preserving a degree and a faculty which, whilst they are historically unique, create no real grievance so long as candidates can become D.D.s elsewhere. But besides the historical answer there is the common-sense view of

what the Theological Schools are there for. The reformers look upon them as an intellectual grindstone; they have become, they say, like other schools, and the change should be recognised. It is greatly to be doubted whether they have become like other schools. One would have thought that most men who enter them do so because they hope to be ordained, that they become B.D.s and D.D.s because the degrees qualify them as teachers of the Catholic faith. The Theological School is not and never ought to be a mere intellectual exercise ground. Rather should it be the training ground of Christian ministers. By what process then of perverted logic can it be maintained that the men to test these future Christian teachers need not themselves be Christians? If there need be no connexion between Christianity and the Theological Schools there need be no Theological Schools at all. They had best be abolished. To secularise them turns them into a useless fraud. It is also to be noted that several of the chief reformers who are now loudest in the cry of "no tests for teachers" have been prominent in their repudiation of the principle when applied to the elementary schools. Could any attitude be more illogical? Whether it be theology in a university or the Ten Commandments in a schoolroom, the teaching must be in the hands of a man who believes. The controversy in the schools proves that public opinion regards religious teaching as something distinct from the other subjects in the course. If studying theology is only an exercise which any intellectual don can direct there is no reason why any unbelieving teacher should not give religious instruction to the children in his school. Churchmen have protested against such a proposal as an outrage upon the schools which they have built. How is it less an outrage when it is intended to apply it to the Divinity School of a University which owes its being to the Church?

With the degrees the case against the proposed change is even stronger than with the examiners. No attempt is being made to remedy a Nonconformist grievance by extending the principle of Christian degrees. The Nonconformists presumably desire by becoming Doctors of Divinity to show their competency to be Christian teachers; at present the Oxford degree is restricted to the clergy of the Church of England. Surely the way to remedy this grievance is to promote the denominations who want a degree, not to deprive the only one that possesses it, still less to make the degree ridiculous and worthless and then to offer a spurious counterfeit to those who still want it. Upon the Continent there are cases of concurrent theological faculties. At the same University a Roman Catholic and a Protestant can take a degree in the school of his own denomination. There is no reason why similar facilities should not be given at Oxford. If the Nonconformists say they do not want these facilities, their grievance is gone and they are convicted of an attempt to destroy something which other people value and they themselves do not want. This dog-in-the-manger policy has been exposed again and again at Westminster. Why should it be encouraged at Oxford? At present the Divinity Schools and their degrees afford the most conspicuous example of Oxford's connexion with orthodox Christianity. For a Christian University as for a Christian State this is a connexion of transcendent value. To break it is to destroy all corporate recognition of religion. In the past the connexion has taken the form of the establishment of the Church of England in England and Wales and of the Church of Scotland in Scotland. For the sake of convenience it is easier to recognise one denomination than many; for the sake of efficiency it is necessary to recognise the most effective for the purpose. But what really matters is that there should be recognition. If in view of the breaches in the religious unity of the nation it is decided that the University and the State can no longer maintain a monopoly a case is made out not for destroying the single tie that now exists but for strengthening it with others. At Oxford no strong case has been proved



against the establishment of the National Church in the Divinity Schools; there are other Universities where the degrees are open; even at Oxford an unrestricted doctorate can be obtained for theology in the School of Letters. Assume, however, that there is a grievance, deep and wide, assume that there are Nonconformists in numbers beating at the doors of the Divinity Schools, assume that Oxford can no longer claim a majority of Anglican undergraduates and graduates, the only conclusion, if the University is to remain Christian, is to create concurrent faculties for various denominations. In the proposals of Congregation no suggestion is made of concurrent establishment; the only proposals are destructive. Lest someone should have a grievance, the schools are to be secularised; for fear of the future, a Christian bulwark is to be thrown down; as from some dangerous thing Oxford is to draw its hand from the Church. Convocation is asked to destroy and to build nothing on the ruin of the ancient structure it has thrown down. It is for its members to show on Tuesday afternoon that they are not prepared to repudiate the past and to gamble with the future religious life of the University.

### THE CITY.

THE Stock Exchange has paid very little attention to Mr. Lloyd George's assurance regarding the boundless prosperity which the country is to enjoy this year. It might perhaps be argued that unprecedented trade activity is not good for the Stock Exchange; that it diverts money from the investment and speculative markets, and that Throgmorton Street is accepting the Chancellor's prophetic utterances as wholly justified. But if last year's industrial prosperity is to be eclipsed in the next twelve months it should at least be a bull point for Home Rails, for shipping shares and other industrial securities. Yet these descriptions have had a rather dull tendency since Budget day.

The truth of the matter is that the Stock Exchange and Lombard Street have their own opinions on the trade prospects of the country. They believe that Mr. Lloyd George has based his views on the fact that manufacturers have large orders at present in hand. They question the certainty that these orders will be repeated. If the doubts which still exist in regard to the international political situation are not soon removed the chances are that Mr. Lloyd George will be seriously disappointed. The complications that may arise from the fall of Scutari have been on the minds of operators this week, and business in stocks and shares have dwindled to very small proportions.

Investment orders have not maintained sufficient volume to advance prices, and the big new issues, such as the Western Australian loan and the Grand Trunk Pacific bonds, have not received the support from the public that was expected. Underwriters, however, declare that the new securities are being fairly well absorbed, although investors seem to object to taking them at the issue prices. Gilt-edged securities are depressed by the ill-success of the new capital flotations, and the market for foreign Government stocks has been in a rather weak condition. The upward movement in Home Rails has been arrested by profit-taking, and as regards Canadian Pacifics a good deal of liquidation has been in progress since the quotation reached the neighbourhood of 250.

Speculatively the market outlook has been somewhat confused. The fact that the present account covers twenty-one days provides certain attractions, because it gives the public a "run" for their money. It may be argued that in three weeks surely some good news should develop which would justify a purchase of any favourite speculative share. On the other hand, the twenty-one days will be broken by the May-day holiday and by the Whitsun vacation, and everybody knows that holidays, in all but the most exceptional circumstances, are unfavourable to rising markets. This factor accounts in part for the present uncertainty on the Stock Exchange. The markets lack a definite lead.

The American markets are still disturbed. The tariff question, the Harriman dissolution affair, labour troubles, and a general feeling of insecurity under the Democratic Administration have frightened all the bulls in Wall Street, and the apathy of the public leaves the market bare of support. Worst of all, the new bonds that are being offered on inviting terms are finding a very cool reception.

Leaving Americans out of the question, however, it may be said that markets generally ought to go better. Perhaps when the Bank rate has been reduced to 4 per cent., as it may be next week, Throgmorton Street will adopt a more cheerful view of things; but the aloofness of the public is a hard nut to crack, and it needs a sanguine temperament to advise extensive purchases in anticipation of an early appreciable profit.

The continued weakness of Brazil Railway Common has been one of the unsatisfactory features of the week. Mexican Rails derived no benefit from an encouraging half-yearly report and a good weekly traffic. Similarly Grand Trunks failed to respond to an unexpectedly good traffic increase. Mining shares have received a little more attention, but professional dealers have been satisfied with small profits. The best class of Kaffir shares, such as Crown Mines and Modderfonteins, have been well bought of late.

In the Rubber market a firmer tone prevails since Mr. Arthur Lampard's confident statement as to the ultimate course of quotations for the commodity. Oils continue dull, and no outstanding feature is provided in the Industrial section. Meanwhile investment securities as a whole are at a level which seems to give opportunity for favourable purchases.

Lloyds Bank, Limited, and the London and South Western Bank, Limited, are receiving subscriptions at 93 per cent. for an issue of £1,000,000 State of Bahia 5 per cent. Gold Loan. The bonds are to bearer of £1000, £500, £100, and £20 each, redeemable in fifty years by an accumulative sinking fund of  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. commencing in 1913. Both principal and interest are free from Brazilian taxes.

### PUTUMAYO.

By THOMAS WHIFFEN F.R.G.S., F.R.A.I.

#### I.—THE COUNTRY.

PUTUMAYO to-day is notorious. But beyond that it is, vaguely, within the boundaries of Peru, and adjacent to Colombia, the average newspaper reader knows little of its whereabouts, and less of its characteristics and the conditions of life therein. Putumayo is actually only the Peruvian name for the upper waters of the river Issa, a tributary that joins the main Amazon stream four hundred and seventy-one miles below Iquitos, that is to say, some two hundred miles within Brazilian territory. The name, however, is now popularly applied to the valleys and watersheds of the Igara Parana and Kara Parana rivers, whence is obtained the greater part of the rubber collected in the district.

It is a land of trackless wilds, where the rivers are the sole possible routes of communication. Missionaries, traders, travellers, have pushed up the main streams, torn aside the curtain of vegetation, and forced a curious way some few hundred yards from the banks, only to retire defeated by the impenetrable forest. Rubber-bearing trees are to be found throughout the bush, but it is only in the vicinity of the rivers that any attempt has been made to draw this natural wealth into the greedy maw of commercial enterprise. The whole region is far removed from any centre of law and order. It is a land where might alone is right; where the unknown spells danger; and where not only man and beast, but the vegetation itself is engaged in an endless strife without mercy or quarter. Life is a struggle for the strong, a torment with but one possible ending for the weak. To fail is to die.

Though the actual "tilt" of the Amazon basin is extraordinarily slight, the land drained by the upper

rivers is no mere level forest-covered plain. Lower down, by the great river arteries, marshes stretch for hundreds of lonely miles, thickets of palm-grown swamp, a water-logged desolation merging into land so low-lying that inundations spread for ten, fifteen or twenty miles. Even in the upper regions the rise above sea-level is inconsiderable, amazingly so when compared with the gigantic mountain barrier that rises unseen but dominant away in the far mysterious West. But though of no great height, the land is broken by a network of streams, and intersected by low ridges, smothered in forest growth from crest to heel, with trickling water in every valley. Especially is this the case between the Igara Parana and the Kara Parana. Nowhere may the vision penetrate beyond the parasite-wreathed trunks of the immediate trees above the tangle of tropic verdure, shut down by interwreathed branches overhead, which bear—unseen from below—the wealth of wondrous blossom, gaily hued butterflies, and birds of jewelled plumage, rioting splendidly in the blaze of sunshine that never penetrates the roof of verdure to sweeten the sad earth. Below, though the drenching and practically daily rain-storms beat through, light and air come only in stinted measure. There is never an open space except where a wide waterway pushes through the all-triumphant forest, or where a savannah, a natural rocky outcrop, furnishes a difference of soil that gives harborage to flora entirely diverse from that which luxuriates on the dank vegetable mould elsewhere—a stoneless soil, devoid of any mineral wealth, compound of the decayed life of bygone centuries of tree and plant life.

The dominant features of this country are vastness, monotony, and an intolerable solitude. Life is everywhere, but it is nowhere apparent. Birds are innumerable, but for the most part they are songless; and though animal life abounds in this world of unremitting warfare, secrecy is the only security, advertisement carries with it a quite prohibitive danger. Only the endless succession of trees, the tangled manes of creepers and other parasite growths, hold the eye and stultify the imagination.

Taken in detail there is an infinite variety of trees and plants, but the dense whole gives an effect of entirely indescribable but awful sameness. Items are lost in the universal immensity. As in London's East End the prevalent drabness swallows up even the gaudy colours of advertising posters, so in the Amazonian bush does the intermatted and redundant verdure nullify all brilliance of colour, and in the melancholy gloom of an eternal half-light the crudest tint of the begonia is lost in a heavy and depressing neutrality of tone.

Man in the forests of the Amazon is a very puny factor in the scheme of things, an infinitesimal item in a world that neither needs nor desires him. Penetrate but one or two hundred yards from the river bank, or the clearing by a settlement, and you are face to face with untrammelled Nature—Nature horribly heedless of man when not absolutely inimical to him. Alone in the solitudes of the bush he ceases to be a lord of creation, and becomes a thing of no importance, with no standing whatsoever. If a stranger, he will, in all probability, promptly lose his way, his reason, his life—the latter two being almost certain contingents on the former. If he shout, the endless miles of forest on every hand mock and deaden the insignificance of his voice. He is in a maze with no clue available. Landmarks there are none where, though everything differs, all is the same. He may starve in the midst of plenty; that is exceedingly probable. He may die within a stone's throw of his friends, and be for ever undiscovered. The forest is immutable, unalterable as time itself. For centuries the nomad Indian has wandered in its depths, yet the signs of his presence are so transient that he might but have come on an immediate yesterday. Even on the rivers you may travel for days on end and see no signs of any human habitation. In the

bush itself a derelict house, an overgrown plantation here and there, speak of a temporary halt, possession without permanence, and always the tragedy of an inevitable, omnipresent doom.

The climate of these regions, despite excessive humidity, is not unhealthy. The temperature knows no extravagant extremes. Death is everywhere prevalent, but life pulses too actively to be hazarded by the presence of decay. The living not only spring prompt and ready to take the place of the moribund, they grow and batten on the dead and dying. Nothing is stagnant, fœtid odours are unknown. The poisons and dangers that await the unwary are more active and direct. Death lurks in flower and fruit. Palms, creepers, bushes carry thorns, prickles, spines, or barbed leaves that tear the flesh of the heedless, or, fallen, spike the feet of the passer-by. There is no time of day or night, no season of the year, when a succession of insect pests fails to harass. The presence of deadly reptiles may cause initial dismay to the newcomer, but this fear wears off, and does not return, while the fear of the pium and the mosquito is not lessened by familiarity. As a torment the pium is unsurpassed; but fortunately its distribution is local and restricted. It is never found except in the vicinity of certain rivers, and it disappears at nightfall.

Night also puts a period to the oppressive silence that is a most noticeable feature of the bush by day. With the coming of darkness to lend security, the denizens of the wild break into a very pandemonium of defiant sound. Size is no criterion to the volume of noise a creature is capable of emitting, for the frog will vie with the jaguar and beat him in persistency of clamour. The chorus of howls, shrieks, whistles, and screams is greatest at dawn; thereafter it dies away to a vibrant stillness only broken when some shrill cry announces a sudden death in the animal world, or a reverberating crack and crash tell of the downfall of some giant forest tree. Of the two the silence is more unnerving than the noise. The discordant screams and cries at least are made by living creatures; in the dull quietude of daytime the unconquerable forest seems to have stifled out all life but its own. It does more than threaten, it demoralises utterly. It is impregnable, majestic, and beyond hope. Man may fret himself against it vainly as the sea beats and breaks upon a granite rock. Even fire can make but little impression on its rain-sodden luxuriance. In such an environment endeavour is stifled; originality dies self-destroyed; only the iron hand of custom can lift a barrier against such an overwhelming fate, a barrier that limits accomplishment if it staves off defeat.

To those who have never experienced such an influence mere words can convey but little meaning. Imagination pictures a wonderful and vast garden full of tropical beauty and marvel. The terror, the horror, are incomprehensible as the remorseless cruelty of the high woods to the modern dweller in cities, enmeshed in the awful orderliness and ordinariness of everyday life. But it is necessary to impress these factors in the situation on the minds of those who wish to judge with any fairness of life and happening in the Putumayo districts. The forest has shaped the Indian; it has narrowed his existence and cramped his mind equally as it has limited his view. His landscape never knows an horizon. And above all it must be remembered that the keynote of his existence is struggle, the governing factor in his life is fear; and fear above all of the unknown, the strange, the inexplicable. Exigencies of space have permitted here but a briefly impressionist sketch of the environment that has so greatly contributed to make the forest Indian what he is to-day. Elsewhere\* a more detailed study may assist those who

\* A study of the country, life, arts and industries, customs and magico-religious systems of the Indians of the Issa (Putumayo) and Japura districts is now in course of preparation and will shortly be published, with numerous original illustrations, maps, etc



are interested in this subject to understand the situation of the unfortunate sufferers at the hands of the pseudo-civilised rubber-gatherer, the victims of the tragic evils recently disclosed in official and other publications.

#### THE RHODES SCHOLARS' BREVARY.\*

By CHARLES BOYD.

ON the afternoon of 26 March 1902 Cecil Rhodes, lying prone in his cottage at Muizenberg, and drifting unconscious between life and death, rallied, as men rally sometimes before the end, called "in a clear voice" for Jameson, and so died. On 19 April, the day after the burial in the Matoppos, his last will and testament was given to the world, and worked its strange revulsion in many minds whose excuse is that, not knowing, they maligned him. No time was lost in giving effect to its provisions. The Rhodes Trust was constituted; and for the scholarship part of their work, a pioneer affair, embracing orbis terrarum and involving methods of selection hitherto untried, the Trustees were fortunate in finding an ideal agent and adviser in one of the earliest of Oxford Canadians, already well known beyond the Atlantic as Head of Upper Canada College, but better known on both sides as the unwearied missionary of Empire. To Dr. Parkin fell the work of surveying the ground in the United States, the Dominions and Colonies, and of consultation with the leading educational and other responsible authorities in all the countries concerned. The system now in use is based on his reports and on recommendations made by him after consultation with these local authorities. The first scholar appeared in Oxford in October 1903, so that the system has now been in operation about ten years. With years has come experience, and with experience the belief that, to secure the best results for a system of endowment made in perpetuity, it is desirable that "its inception, its aims, its problems, the opportunities it offers, and its methods of administration" should be given the widest possible publicity in some readily accessible form. Hence this book, directed mainly at the Committees of selection which choose the scholars, subject to their approval by the Rhodes Trustees, and at those from whose ranks the scholars themselves are selected. It summarises the experience gained in the work of organisation. With no niggard or gelid hand it deals out to the scholar and to those who elect him helpings of information about the Founder, on the Will, and on the ideals behind that testament. It describes alike how to become a Rhodes scholar and how to elect one; the objects to be borne in mind by the Selective Committees and the difficulties to be overcome if they would give just effect to the Trustees' purpose. With sufficient candour there is no lecturing of co-evals. But the scholar is shown what is expected of him at Oxford and how to make the best of his opportunity. The social side of Oxford and the University system are expounded, with the relations of the scholar to Oxford and of Oxford to the scholar. An exposition at once called for, and happily conceived and contrived.

Having an eye on a public which knows little of Oxford and next to nothing of Rhodes, it was inevitable that Dr. Parkin should include much which a mere insular reader tends to take in his stride. The biographical chapter, for example, consumes a third of the entire volume, and paraphrases, not quite accurately, in Dr. Parkin's generous, rhetorical manner, a too familiar tale. What else could we expect? Dr. Parkin did not know Rhodes. He could but give back what all the world knows, in his own way—the way of a delightful and copious orator. Here and there a sensitive familiar may have shied, feeling the occasion to be a trifle popularly improved. If that was our own feeling we are assured that Dr. Parkin would understand and condone it. But the point is that the

feeling wore off. Dr. Parkin has done admirably just what was needed. Americans and Colonials are the better off by having here all they need know about C. J. R. eloquently put. And the noble chapter on the Will rightly expounds the objects of the Founder and brings home anew the memorable truth that this was no tardy rich man's ransom, but embodied, so far as was practicable, the dream of a lifetime. The wills which preceded the final testament "were drawn up", Dr. Parkin reminds us, "respectively in 1877, 1882, 1888, and 1891, and were all inspired by the same central idea—the widening of Anglo-Saxon influence with a view to securing the peace of the world".

Where everyone will read, with unqualified interest, in this volume is in its account of the task of selection. Plainly that was and is a Herculean business, in which victory is not yet so complete that the Trustees can afford to fold their hands.

The Trustees are beholden to the educational and public authorities of every British Dominion and Colony, and of every State in the American Union, for endless good-will in co-operation. But Selective Committees have been a difficulty. In certain States higher education is still influenced by politics. "In one case a State election swept away, as the result of a party victory, the whole Committee of selection, consisting of the leading educational men of the State." The Trustees in that case had to take the selection of the scholars into their own hands. In other cases it has been necessary to call in experts from outside to make the selection. But local control is aimed at, and in some States there are thirty or forty authorised corporations; there is keen competition between rival institutions. When, on the contrary, friendliness prevails and each institution is given a "turn", you may very well lose the best candidate of a particular year. Again, Rhodes' suggested conditions of selection are a complication. It is easy enough to measure men's intellects, not so the qualities in them of character and power of leadership. Still less is it easy to get at the judgment of a candidate's contemporaries. Rhodes had in mind the English public schools. There a candidate is or may be more or less generally known. In the schools of the Cape Colony where the candidates belong to the same body there is difficulty enough in another shape; "the school hero in football or cricket" captures the vote. But in large Universities the candidates are unknown to the electors, and there are cases like that of New York State, with its three Universities, twenty-five colleges granting degrees, and "hundreds of schools giving University preparation". Rhodes' athletic tests, again, are rendered nugatory in American Universities, where the athlete is seldom the all-round man of the founder's ideal, but is usually a specialist. Only two qualifications are insisted on by the Trustees in all candidates. A man must have spent two years "at some recognised degree-granting college or University", and he must be able to pass Responsions. The rest is on the knees of the Selective Committees, and, as Dr. Parkin drily remarks, "the scholarship scheme will apply a singularly penetrating test, not only to the ability and character of scholars, but to the judgment of those who select them".

As Dr. Parkin stands between the Trustees and the selective bodies, so Mr. Wylie, the administrator of the Trust in Oxford, is the intermediary between the elected scholars, the colleges, and the University. His chapters on the University system and on the social side of Oxford life are a fascinating record of experience, and an admirable piece of writing. It is impossible to conceive a better exposition of either subject, and the wisdom and temper of these chapters make it easy to understand what an immense asset the Rhodes Trustees have found in this writer and the regard in which his name is held by the 700 Rhodes scholars who have passed through his vigilant, most kindly, but uncoddling guardianship. We have only space to quote his conclusion. "What emerges in the retrospect and stands conspicuous is precisely the way in which the complex influence of Oxford, partly intellectual, partly moral, partly æsthetic, have justified the trust which Rhodes

\* "The Rhodes Scholarships." By George R. Parkin. London: Constable. 1912. 7s. 6d. net.



put in them. They have won men to them. I have known scholars who had started here in a spirit of criticism, if not of hostility, come, in the course of their time, to an appreciation of Oxford methods and ideals, to an understanding of English character, and to a liking for individual Englishmen which have been none the less genuine for being entirely consistent with that loyalty to their own country which Rhodes expressly desired them to retain. . . . The letters of many ex-scholars, he tells us further, "have revealed an affection for Oxford, and an appreciation of what the scholarship has done for the writers in widening their sympathies and enlarging their outlook on life, which have been big with encouragement. Best of all has been the note of satisfaction at being once more at home. No issue of this Rhodes experiment can satisfy which does not, even in chastening, deepen and enrich the scholar's loyalty and affection for his country and his home. Critics have sometimes questioned whether we could hope for such an issue. It is scarcely too much to claim that to this particular question the experience of these years already gives an answer. And what other note could better satisfy what Rhodes himself desired? Or more simply bring together things on which he set a value, affection for Oxford, enlargement of outlook, loyalty to home?" It is early days to offer even a cursory opinion on the working of a scheme so great and novel, the mature consequences of which are far-reaching but remote. But it is of fine augury that the Rhodes scholars seem thus early to have evolved the point of honour, and that having, as Dr. Parkin says, "assumed a peculiar responsibility . . . as the representatives, worthy or unworthy, of the beneficent idea of a great man" they are rising to their big occasion. Dr. Parkin deals faithfully with his young men. Thus: "So far neither from the United States, the Colonies, nor Germany has a Rhodes scholar appeared who ever after his preliminary years at a home University has found the path to Oxford distinctions, which are equally open to all, an easy one. This perhaps might be expected in classics and philosophy, the special fields of Oxford scholarship. But it was proved equally true in mathematics, in history, in English literature, in jurisprudence, in theology, in medicine, in economics. . . . The Honours schools in every department have put a severe strain on all the scholars who have hitherto come". Absolute failures have been few, but marked successes not many. "The scholars admit freely that a well-trained sixth-form boy fresh from Eton, Rugby, Winchester, or St. Paul's is usually a more accurate scholar in the subjects he has studied than the American, Canadian, or Australian who has been elected for a Rhodes scholarship at the end or near the end of his University course at home." The conditions of effective preparation are likely, Dr. Parkin thinks, to improve rapidly. But distinctions are a small matter; what is essential is that "new power shall be gained for the work of life, and that in the country from which the scholar comes". Admirably and wisely said, as so many of Dr. Parkin's sayings are wise and admirable. And think of what the Rhodes scholarships may have become and be doing fifty or a hundred years hence. The foundation has been well and truly laid, and already, after ten years, the right spirit plainly possesses those whom Rhodes designed to benefit. It would be difficult to say how much that spirit owes to Dr. Parkin, whose book, being filled therewith, should do much to quicken it and become indeed the Rhodes scholars' breviary. "The justification of his [Rhodes'] dream must be left in the hands of his scholars." That is Dr. Parkin's conclusion on a note struck by another. "In your bidding prayers, in your ancient services", said one unveiling a tablet to Rhodes' memory at Oxford some years ago, "I suppose the name of Cecil John Rhodes will always be remembered. But will it not be chiefly renowned as having summoned from all parts of the world—from two great Empires, from the mightiest Republic that has ever existed—an affluence of new scholars ready to worship at the shrine of this ancient University, to imbibe its august traditions, and to take back to their home and to their communities a message

of peace, civilisation, and good-will. I do not know what other methods may be taken to perpetuate the memory of Mr. Rhodes in this country or in South Africa, but sure I am of this, that in this ancient University his truest and noblest monument will be the career, the merits, and the reputation of the scholars whom he has summoned within these walls". Thus the Senior Rhodes Trustee at Oxford on 17 June 1907. We should be nowhere without "Lord R."

## THE NEW DEPARTURE IN THE UNITED STATES.\*

BY ARTHUR A. BAUMANN.

WE are so habitually absorbed in our own party squabbles that we never lift up our eyes to see what is going on in Europe, except when there is a war scare, or in the United States, except when the President or one of his Ministers insults us. And yet what is going on in the United States now is full of interest for those who are watching the career of democracy amongst the Anglo-Saxon peoples. I regard the election of Dr. Woodrow Wilson to the Presidency of the United States as the most important event in American politics since the election of Lincoln. It is an attempt on the part of a great Anglo-Saxon democracy to free itself from the two curses of all democracies, the power of the machine and the power of organised capital, incarnated in the bosses and the trust magnates. One of the greatest of the bosses—of course an Irishman—has in recent years quitted the scene of his exploits to become an ornament of the British Turf. The greatest of trust magnates has just died. Dr. Wilson and his supporters have a great opportunity; will they be able to prevail against the phalanx of sinister interests, which is quite as powerful in the United States as what Disraeli used to call "the phalanx of Whig families" in this country?

If you read the series of campaign speeches delivered by Dr. Woodrow Wilson—and they are quite readable, for they are pitched in a low, persuasive, rational key, very different from the screech-note of most American politicians—you will find that the new President is guilty of flat blasphemy against the glorious and unmatched Constitution of the greatest people etc. Apparently Dr. Wilson is unconscious of his heresy, for he makes frequent laudatory reference to Jefferson, the most inexhaustible puffer of the most perfect Constitution etc. that ever lived. Be that as it may, the logical conclusion of Dr. Wilson's speeches on "The New Freedom" is the establishment of responsible Government in the United States. For the burthen of Dr. Wilson's complaint against the present order of things is that the American people cannot get at their own Government by reason of the intermediate presence of the bosses and the millionaires. At the door of the American Government there stand two sentinels, the Boss and the Magnate, and they allow no one to enter. That, of course, is a picturesque way of putting it, because it is a little difficult to say exactly where the Government of the United States is located. There are the President and his Cabinet, and there is Congress with its House of Representatives and Senate, and the Government is divided between them. But Dr. Wilson is perfectly right when he says the Government of the United States is inaccessible; it is so because it is elusive, and it is elusive just because it is broken up into sections. Between the American people and its Government there has inserted itself, so the President complains, the wedge of the moneyed interests, who in their turn look to the lobbyists. Whenever anything important has to be done, and there is little in American politics of importance except the tariff and the currency, the persons whom the Executive consults are a handful of banking and trust presidents. Dr. Wilson does not believe in financial experts; he believes that any ordinary man

\* "The New Freedom." By Woodrow Wilson. London Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net.

of intelligence and education, himself for instance, knows as much about money as any president of a bank or trust, and is far more disinterested. As a politician, Dr. Wilson is a vigorous protestant against the doctrine of mediation. Let the American nation go right into their Government, he would say. All this means simply the creation of a Government directly responsible to the nation, or its representatives, and a responsible Government must be seated in and appointed by the Legislature. The American Constitution not only makes no provision for this kind of Government, but it takes every precaution that it shall not exist. By making the Executive, i.e. the President and his Cabinet, independent of Congress and outside of it, the founders of the American Constitution thought that they would avoid the evils of the party system. Hamilton and Washington and Madison had before their eyes the British party system at one of its worst moments. They saw the incompetence of Lord George Sackville, the jovial indifference of Lord North; the corruption of the House of Commons by the King and the Treasury; and the failure of Burke and Chatham to prevail against this combination of sinister interests; in a word, they saw that England had lost half her empire owing to the madness of party. Anything but a Government dependent on party politicians was Alexander Hamilton's regnant idea. Of course the Federalists have not succeeded in making Government independent of party; they have only succeeded in placing the wires of the party system underground instead of overhead. President Wilson clearly prefers the British to the American party system, perhaps—I write it with all respect—because he is unacquainted with the working of our parties. But a Government directly accessible and responsible to the American nation means a recasting of the Constitution of the United States, which would require to be approved by a two-thirds majority in each House of Congress and in each of the two Chambers of all the State Legislatures. Will Dr. Woodrow Wilson attempt to carry such a revolution? If he does not make the attempt and succeed, I fail to see how he is going to cure the evil of which he complains—namely, the subterranean influence of the moneyed interest working by the party system. The President and his Cabinet are just as dependent for the carrying of measures on party majorities in the Legislature as a British Cabinet is. The only difference is that the American Ministry cannot “whip” the Legislature or be whipped by it; that is, it cannot resign, and it cannot dissolve the Legislature, if its proposed measures are not carried. The power, therefore, of the American is very much less than that of the British Cabinet. Is President Wilson wise in wishing to change this balance of power? The really significant thing about Dr. Woodrow Wilson's presidency is the fact that he was elected. Partly, no doubt, his election was due to the split in the Republican party caused by Mr. Roosevelt, but decidedly the choice of Dr. Wilson is a sign that the American people are beginning to think about politics, and to ask themselves whether they really enjoy representative Government, and whether their Constitution has produced a single great statesman during the half-century since their Civil War. Senator Aldrich in the Legislature and Messrs. Morgan, Rockefeller and Co. outside, with the whole army of bosses and judges working under orders, have been its governors; and the American nation begins to ask, Is the result satisfactory? Apparently not, or Dr. Woodrow Wilson would not have been elected in the teeth of Bosses and Magnates.

The American democracy has behind it an experience of over a hundred years. The English democracy is just embarking upon its career. Although we are accustomed to speak of the United States as a young nation, they are in democratic experience much older than Old England. It is curious, and rather pathetic, to see the young democracy of Great Britain about to embrace the errors which the old democracy of the

United States is beginning to cast off. The Americans have had enough of the machine and the politicians whom it feeds, of Protection and the Trust tyrants whom it feeds. They are making a vigorous effort to get rid of both, for you may say what you will, Mr. Editor, the new tariff is a long step towards Free Trade, as long a step as a sane statesman like Dr. Wilson could attempt. Does not this new tariff prove that the fiscal policy of a nation depends on its economic condition, and with its changes must vary? As long as the United States exported food, a protective tariff was possible. The moment the United States consume what they grow and have to import food, a protective tariff becomes impossible. The British democracy, so young and so impetuous, is destroying the old checks and balances of the Constitution, and hastening forward to set up the machine to rule over it, and Protection to empty its pockets for the feeding of bosses, and lobbyists, and financial peers.

### THE TEACHING OF GOLF.—III.

By FILSON YOUNG.

I SUPPOSE I shall have the whole host of successful amateur players against me when I say that no one, except possibly the man who picks up the game as a child, can attain to his full powers as a golfer without teaching. I must reiterate this with emphasis, because, owing to a single sentence having been freely quoted, it has gone abroad that I have represented all golf teachers as quacks. Any careful reader will know that I said no such thing. The majority of professional teachers are unconscious quacks; but when I now speak of teaching I mean genuine and scientific teaching, which is not based on any academic rules but is adapted to the idiosyncrasies of each pupil. It is regarded as little short of revolutionary to suggest that there is hardly an amateur golfer in England with a form below scratch whose game could not be improved by the right kind of teaching. I do not know why such a statement should be so regarded, but nearly every self-taught amateur player, from the twelve handicap man downwards, thinks that he is a living proof to the contrary. Among the rank and file of such golfers there is (it is not too much to say) a violent prejudice against teaching. One cause of it is the teachers themselves. The other lies in the books which some of the teachers have written. The plain man of sense reads these books and perceives them to consist largely of mere verbiage, journalistic padding, and garrulous nonsense. If after reading them he tries to apply some of their precepts he finds that he has been thoroughly put off his game; he becomes angry with the books and contemptuous of their writers; lumping all theory, science, theorists and scientists of the game together, declares that golf cannot be taught; and, teeing up his ball, gives it a hefty smite in the way that comes most natural to him, and regards its gentle curve to the right as a slip of his own which he will put right at the next stroke.

One of the commonest theories of such golfers is that “teaching is all right during the lesson; you play the strokes beautifully under the eye of your coach; but when you get on the links you are as bad as ever again”. That is surely one of the strangest criticisms of teaching that could possibly be made. No one expects to be taught to play a scale on the violin in a lesson; and one of the greatest difficulties of the golf teacher is that he is expected to demonstrate his powers in an occasional single lesson. Single lessons are of course no use to anyone except the established player who finds himself suffering from some fault and goes to his coach to have it cured. The indifferent golfer cannot possibly hope to benefit from anything less than a course of, say, a dozen lessons; and then he must work as hard as his teacher. The teacher knows exactly what he wants his pupil to acquire, but it



sometimes takes a long time to discover a method of getting him to acquire it. The art, that is to say, is empirical. Here is a very good example. A golfer of my acquaintance who was studying under a good teacher reached a point when, although his other play was improving, his full shots were all both short and sliced. His teacher knew, and he knew the cause; owing to his body coming round slightly in advance of his arms, he was pulling his arms in and not following-through properly. To cure this fault he was told to try, after striking the ball, to take the club head out on a line to the right of the line of flight. This cured the fault. But when he next played a round he gradually got back into his old vice of leading with the body, and all its attendant evils. After some further efforts his coach told him to try, when the down swing was beginning, to "throw the club head out at the ball". Again for a time there was a cure; but its efficacy vanished like the last; and try as he might he found that his old fault had returned. The coach, endeavouring to hit upon some idea which would cause his pupil to let his hands lead instead of his body, found the cure in a quite fantastic notion—which was that the player should think of his shoulders separately from his arms and, at the top of the stroke, pause for a fraction of a second with his shoulders before beginning the movements of the down stroke, but not to pause at all with the hands. Such a direction sounds complicated and absurd, and is no scientific description of what takes place in an accurate stroke; but it did the business for this particular player. It cured him of his fault. It gave him an idea which suggested the muscular movements which were necessary to prevent his body from leading his arms in the stroke. My point in telling this story is that if my acquaintance had not been having a course of lessons, and had stopped at either of the two temporary cures, and had then found himself as bad as ever again, he would have become an enthusiastic member of the golf-can't-be-taught brigade, and would for ever afterwards have gone about saying that "teaching was all right during the lesson but no good when you got on the links".

It is not for me to say how golf should be taught. Theoretically the ideal way would be that advocated by Mr. Vaile, beginning with the six-inch putt and finishing with the full drive. But that method leaves human nature out of consideration. It would be all right if people would do it; but they won't. The lust for having a full smack at the ball—which is after all the supreme physical joy of golf—is too powerful to be thwarted for long. And the keener a man's enthusiasm for the game, the keener he is to get to good hard hitting as soon as possible. It may not be scientific, but it is natural, and it is with natural men and women that the teacher has to deal. If the full shot from the tee is the one first taught, it is easy enough to set out its component parts in their order, but how the pupil is to be made to acquire each one of them correctly is a matter for the teacher's individual art. It is easy to get the grip right, the stance right, and the angle of the body right. Some teachers at this point begin to lay great stress on the follow-through; but I am sure that from the teacher's point of view the follow-through should come last of all, and should be a finishing touch applied to the stroke. The follow-through is a result, and cannot be a cause of a good shot. I am among those who believe that the ordinary beginner's chief trouble lies in the left arm and wrist, and that until the action of these is right it is useless to teach anything else. Until the left arm can be taken up with little or no bend at the elbow, and any amount of flex at the wrist, there will be no good stroke. I think that Mr. Vaile has somewhat darkened counsel by writing so much about the "fallacy of the left arm". The effect of his teaching will be to make people neglect their left arm. He says that the golf stroke is a

right-arm hit; I should have described it as a left-handed, back-handed stroke, which is, during its latter half before the impact, strongly reinforced by the right hand. But most people's left arms are so inefficient as compared with their right, and the tendency to do everything with the right is so marked, that if you encourage them to think that the stroke must really be played with the left you will ultimately get the balance about right. This, however, is a matter for expert teachers to decide among themselves.

To go back. The real difficulty about teaching golf is in the appetite and impatience of the pupil to play it. There are the clubs, there is the ball, there is the long stretch of undulating green—he must have at it. That is why the golf course is a very bad place for lessons. In the presence of all its allurements it is too much to expect the pupil to concentrate his attention on, say, his wrist. It is like trying to teach a famished street arab to eat daintily with a platter of smoking beef under his nose. And that is the value of golf schools such as those at Regent's Park and elsewhere. Two or three hours a week of serious concentration on the business in hand in such places is worth a fortnight of turf-cutting on the links. It is also, what busy men would do well to realise, a good tabloid form of exercise.

### LOOKING FOR HEROES.

By JOHN PALMER.

LAST week it was Mr. Shaw and Mr. Shaw's hero at Drury Lane. On Tuesday it was Hankin and Mr. Rudyard Kipling at the New Royalty.

"I want a hero—an uncommon want,  
When every year and month sends forth a new one."

We cannot do without heroes. We may have so much common-sense that the average man thinks we are mad; we may be so inhumanly detached that if you prick us we cannot bleed; but, when all is said, we must have a hero. In half-a-dozen strange disguises he remains a hero still. Strip Philip Madras, candidate for the London County Council, of his twentieth-century trappings; you find King Arthur. Bluntschli, pricking romantic bladders in Bulgaria, is S. George slaying primitive dragons upon English soil. Conceive them in Falstaff's celebrated image of a radish, and "mannerly distinguishment leave out"; you will be puzzled to tell them apart.

The necessity for heroes is nowhere more clearly proven than in the plays of Hankin. Like Mr. Shaw, Hankin has found that it takes a hero to catch a hero. These two authors have had to invent heroes in order to prove that heroes do not exist. The only way in which Mr. Shaw can destroy our illusions is by replacing them. He can only persuade us to surrender Julius Cæsar after Mommsen by persuading us to accept Julius Cæsar after Shaw. In Mr. Shaw's case this will seem almost a truism. His destructive energy is positively incarnate in a long line of heroes whose entry upon the scene fills us with an agreeable lust of battle. John Tanner is an errant whose deeds might well turn stronger heads than poor Quixote's of La Mancha. Hankin's worship of heroism is less obvious. The audacity of Mr. Shaw's heroes is in their not being romantic heroes. The audacity of Hankin's heroes is in their not being heroes at all.

"Thompson", the fragment of a Hankin play finished by Mr. George Calderon, shows us Hankin's hero at his most sublime. He has very splendid opportunities. To begin with he is the sympathetic figure of a hero misunderstood. We hear of him first as having rescued drowning folks from a wreck and as having perished at the teeth of a shark. We suspect calumny, or some hideous mistake. The idea of a hero by Hankin rescuing anybody, the idea of a hero by Hankin getting wet, much less getting eaten by a fish, is too grotesque to be for a moment credible. But the people of the play believe it; the heroine believes it; and we wait, burning indignantly, for this



stain upon Thompson's character to be removed. Libelling a dead man, especially when he happens to be alive, is precisely the wicked sort of injustice which heroes have had to put up with since heroes were invented. Our sympathies for Thompson are engaged.

Of course he turns up in the person of Mr. Dennis Eadie; and, of course, it is immediately plain that the heart of this hero by Hankin is in the right place; that never in his life has he been eaten by a fish; nor ever will. Soon he is the perfect knight, making agreeable love to a nice girl on a nice afternoon in a nice orchard, while the stupid villain of the piece is killing a wild beast escaped from the local Zoo somewhere in the wings. Perceive him in his hour of triumph, talking as only a man without anything to say can talk, making love as only a man without anything to feel can make love, making up his mind to be idle as only a man without any will of his own can make up his mind; and you will be able to take some part of his heroic measure. He is perfection. Lesser heroes must assert themselves, strike with the hammer of Thor, or the bludgeon of a parliamentary report; fence with the rapier of steel, or of wit. Only thus can they attain unto victory. But a hero by Hankin just enjoys the peace of a summer afternoon, just neglects to make up his mind; and at once his enemies are defeated. By the mere act of being himself, without clearly knowing what he really is, he successfully persuades us that his rivals are not to be taken seriously. Merely refusing to kill wild beasts, raising his eyebrows at the idea of killing wild beasts, and allowing other people to make fools of themselves by killing wild beasts, he convinces us that killing wild beasts is beneath the dignity of a hero. He just wins the day by letting the other fellow do the work. No such thoroughly competent hero has ever been met. He kills off every one of his predecessors at a blow. Nay, the idea of a hero by Hankin dealing a blow is extravagantly absurd. He kills them all off, as Malvolio thought to win Olivia, by his smiling.

Thompson is the perfect hero. Mr. Kipling's hero, also at the New Royalty, is the merest amateur. One could not help wondering what would have happened had Edward Glass walked by mistake into Hankin's play. Thompson would just have smiled at him—nay, smiling would be a needless mental and muscular effort; Thompson would just have looked at him, and he would have vanished, a discredited wraith, a bubble of the earth, an insubstantial pageant.

Fortunately Edward Glass kept within "The Harbour Watch". He is too good a thing to be allowed suddenly to disappear from this world. Partly owing to the better writing of his lines, but more by reason of the extremely clever acting of Mr. G. F. Tully, he was the only one of Mr. Kipling's people who breathed easily the strong oxygen of the theatre. We could believe in no one else; and as to the story—well, Mr. Kipling thinks—rightly perhaps—that any old tale is good enough for the theatre, and good enough for him, so long as it allows him to make his audience acquainted with his hero of marines. Who would not go again to believe in him again?—if only to hear his affectionate eulogium of his uncertain legs—wasted in trousers. If Mr. Kipling can fill our theatres with the like of Edward Glass, and find actors for their impersonation like Mr. G. F. Tully, let him by all means wipe away all trivial fond records, and write hard for the theatre during the rest of his writing days.

Plays by Hankin and Mr. Kipling would make memorable any afternoon of the year; but Tuesday was red-lettered in the evening as well. Mr. Philip Carr at Cosmopolis produced on Tuesday evening Mr. C. E. Montague's "A Hind Let Loose". I cannot at this point begin a serious criticism of Mr. Montague's play; but it aptly serves as a postscript to a notice of Mr. Kipling's "The Harbour Watch". Only by attracting into the theatre men of individual mark, and compelling them by encouragement to learn the art of writing for the theatre, will managers deserve well of English drama. Had Mr. Montague's play been produced at the Kingsway or the New Royalty it would have been, both for itself and as a symptom, one of the

really important theatrical events of this season. This being otherwise, we can only congratulate Mr. Carr on the pluck with which he persists in laying up treasure in heaven at a moment when the majority of managers are incompetent to lay up treasure even upon earth.

## BADAJOSZ REVISITED.

By COLONEL WILLOUGHBY VERNER.

THERE are perhaps few sights sadder than that of a fine vessel hopelessly ashore on an iron-bound coast slowly and surely grinding herself to pieces. To see the results of years of scientific invention and the perfection of human workmanship being remorselessly destroyed is of itself a pitiable object, setting aside any loss of life involved. But to a soldier a far more melancholy sight is that of a strong fortress such as was Badajoz a century ago, now lying derelict and crumbling to pieces. The mere fact of so much human skill and military ingenuity having to come to such a pass is of itself sad to contemplate. But when one recalls the stupendous scenes of carnage which the place has witnessed during repeated sieges in times long past, culminating with its storm in 1812, as well as the hosts of gallant men who have given their lives in desperate defence or still more desperate assault of these ancient walls, the vanity of all human efforts and especially of all military success strikes deep into one's soul and causes the traitor's thought to arise: Is not military glory too dearly purchased?

For many years it has been my desire to visit Badajoz and to examine the spots where, at the last and most famous siege and assault, our gallant soldiers and their no less gallant French foes laid down their lives as things of no account whatever on that terrible morning in April 1812.

To reach Badajoz from southern Andalusia is by no means so simple as it appears on a map and entails two long and wearisome days in the train, with irritating delays. And now, having at last been there, I confess that I almost wish I had not succeeded and that I had been content to think of the place as so graphically described by Napier. For Badajoz of to-day as regards military importance is a thing of no account, indeed far less account than is the doomed liner on the rocks, yet infinitely more pathetic. Many years have passed since the old armament was removed and the place left defenceless, since the increased range of modern guns made it indefensible. Thus nowadays it is merely an isolated town restricted in growth by its ancient ramparts, its narrow streets filled by a noisy jostling crowd and with still noisier carts rattling over the rough pavement, which often take up the whole space between the houses and congest all traffic, creating a pandemonium typical of Old Spain, where the minimum of work seems to be accompanied by the maximum of noise and discomfort. The ramparts have for long served as the refuse heap, and worse, of all the adjacent houses. Dirt, dust and indescribable filth everywhere pervade, rubbish is shot over the ramparts or, more commonly, is left in heaps on the banquettes or at the embrasures amid unsavoury pools of sewage. And the incongruity of the whole thing is that save where some well-revetted stone wall has been intentionally broken down and carried off to form building materials or where some settlement has taken place, the old fortifications of the enceinte still exist in all their intense precision and exactness, just as they were in the long-off days when the best brains in Spain designed them and the most skilful masons built them. Many of the bastions are to this day as sharply scarped, with embrasures as neatly lined with hewn stone and with gun platforms as truly levelled with good flags as they were when they were first completed. It is easy to follow everywhere the course of the subtly designed "communications" sheltered by tenaille and ravelin and, crossing the main ditch, to ascend the neat brick-edged ramps and wander along the covered way, above a counterscarp extending for

hundreds of yards in almost perfect condition, and still absolutely barring access to the ditch.

And herein lies the pathos of the whole thing, for these same stone-walled defences are for the most part just as they were when our gallant soldiers swept across them like a living stream to certain death. Their bodies now lie mouldering somewhere, anywhere, under the surrounding soil, yet all memory of their heroism has long since died out, even among those Spaniards whose families dwelt in Badajoz during the siege, and it is a matter of great difficulty to identify spots which, whatever may be their present condition, should most surely be viewed as holy ground by all who have a soul to appreciate the grandeur of the words "Be thou faithful unto death". For the British Army there are two points of superlative interest in Badajoz; the first, where the Fourth and the Light Divisions made their desperate onslaught on the breaches; the second, where Picton's Third Division so marvellously stormed the lofty walls of the Castle, thereby ensuring the capture of the town. There are other points, such as the San Vincente bastion and San Roque ravelin, with stirring memories, but these first two surely surpass the rest in their intense fascination as scenes of desperate valour.

Since from the Castle can be seen the whole town below, as well as the valley of the Guadiana in which it lies, I went thither first. Threading the narrow paved streets, one passes through the Plaza which Wellington selected as convenient for the erection of a gallows whereon to hang a few marauders after the storm. Hard by, a crumbling archway leads through the crazy old Moorish walls into the Castle, in which a very ancient building forms a keep. The whole interior of the Castle is now covered with steep grassy mounds, where earthen batteries, traverses and other defences were thrown up during the sieges. Sheep were grazing here and there with a few lads tending them, but there were no other signs of life save from the colony of storks which have established themselves on the ruined towers of the old keep, and which, at the time of my visit, were busily engaged in completing their nests. Making my way to the north-east corner of the Castle walls, where Picton's men made their famous escalade, I climbed on to the old wall of one of the small flanking bastions or projecting towers, and was able thus to get a clear view of the main escarpment and so to take stock of the difficulties which our gallant men so valiantly overcame in their ascent. The wall here is about twenty-five feet high, and then comes a sloping shelf of rock a few feet wide, with another drop of ten feet to the grassy slopes below. Whether some of the ladders were planted on this ledge I know not, but the whole place is most deterrent to escalade, and it is small wonder that the French looked upon this point as unscalable. As an old climber and one well accustomed to every phase of difficulty in gaining the summit of cliffs and walls, I confess that the physical difficulties at this spot are so great that I should view with some anxiety any body of men ascending such a wall, and still more, the moment when upon reaching its slippery summit they had to quit the ladders and make good their footing. And this without a valiant enemy at the top, ready and able to push back the ladders or to meet such as reached the summit with musketry fire and bayonet. Yet somewhere here it was that Major Ridge, of the 5th Fusiliers, after the first assault had been repelled, placed a ladder with his own hands, and dashing up it entered an embrasure at the head of his gallant regiment and captured the Castle. He was slain in the subsequent combat at the gate leading into the town, and of him Napier wrote: "No man died that night with more glory; yet many died and there was much glory".

The day of my visit was typical of Spanish spring-time. From my lofty post I looked down upon the steep grassy slopes running down to the Rivellas stream, which at the time of the assault was dammed and turned into a formidable inundation. Beyond lay the wonderful fertile valley of the Guadiana,

through which wandered the sparkling blue river, its wide channels dotted with islets and bordered by yellow sandbanks until lost to view in the dim haze of the far distant plain.

I sat in an old brick-edged embrasure. Was it the one Ridge entered in his desperate assault? And looking down on the old walls where our ladders had rested, I tried to realise the scene of that awful struggle; of ladders crowded with men, falling upon and crushing their comrades, and of dead and dying heaped in the grassy dell about forty feet below me, for no fewer than six hundred officers and men fell here. I was all alone, and the noise and the tumult of the town was deadened by the high walls of the ruined keep behind me. Suddenly I heard close to me what sounded like a quiet laugh! I suppose I was in a dream, for next moment I recognised the call of the hoopoe; a soft derisive "Hoo-hoo-hoo", but so close and sepulchral as to be positively startling, and then I became aware that a pair of these handsome spring visitors were perched in a hollowed fissure in the face of the escarp only a few feet from where I sat. They took no notice of me, and continued their little pantomime, content with the sun and warmth after their long journey from Central Africa and the convenient position for their courtship, obviously prepared for them by the shattering blow of a British 24-pounder round shot. I found it difficult to pursue my meditations on the past, punctuated as they were by the hollow laughter of the birds as if in derision alike of my thoughts and of all military glory. But the hoopoes were not the only tenants of these old walls. Wandering around the defences I came on several snug dwellings made by poor Spaniards amid the general wreck of abandoned military works. One neat little cottage was built into a main traverse and bomb-proof, with a carefully tended garden and small patch of wheat growing in the adjacent bastion. Another was an entirely subterranean house in one of the main powder magazines, and could only be reached by descending a narrow and steep flight of stone steps. I tried to escalade the ancient keep, and got within a few feet of the summit of the wall on which some twenty of the storks' huge nests were perched, but the masonry was too rotten and unsafe to venture higher, and I descended, to the accompaniment of an orchestra of castanets as the storks clattered their beaks, seemingly in exultation at my defeat. There is a colony of kestrels in the old tower, and hoopoes in pairs were to be seen in many places; they seemed to delight in the dust and desolation of the ruined castle, and were walking about in all the glory of their golden crowns in the brilliant sunlight.

Later in the day I went round the main ramparts of the town. The eight bastions are still in excellent preservation, and are as a rule exactly as they were during the siege. The size of these bastions may be judged by the fact that in one of them a fine cavalry barrack has been built, whilst an adjacent one is occupied by a good-sized bull-ring. The bastion close to the river bank, known as the San Vincente, is where the Fifth Division made their feint attack, which developed into a successful storm, also at a cost of six hundred casualties. But the true interest naturally centres in the "front" comprised by the Santa Maria bastion and the San Trinidad. For it was in the curtain extending between these that a great breach was torn by Wellington's artillery, whilst the bastions themselves provided the breaches named in the orders for the assault. It was in rear of all these breaches that the French Governor, General Philippon, constructed the famous retrenchment, armed with sword-blades, which held back our gallant men.

In order to appreciate in some degree the work which our men were called on to perform, I approached the fortress from outside and walked by the line of advance taken by the column of attack of the Light Division, and, passing the grassy ditch which now marks where the palisading was torn down by them, dropped from the glacis on the banquette in the covered way. Here the first thing that strikes one is the great size and



width of the main ditch. Partially filled up as it is, there is still a drop of some fourteen feet of sheer wall down the well-built counterscarp, and here it was that our men placed ladders, down which they hurried. In the centre of this front there is a big earthen ravelin, designed of course as a protection to the curtain behind, and this was escalated by many of our men in mistake for the breach itself, causing a useless loss of life, since it was under the close fire of the besieged. The whole surface of this part of the ditch is a mass of deep pits suggestive of the explosion of mines. All the breaches have been rebuilt, but it is easy to see where they were made. Near the angle of the right face of the Trinidad a tablet of the shape and size of a gravestone is built into the wall, with ten shells surrounding it. This tablet is elaborately carved with scroll ornamentation, but has no inscription or lettering on it, and is about twenty feet above the ground. Some forty yards to its right, close to the salient of the bastion, the numerals "1812" are outlined on the wall by iron bands and 24-pounder cannon-balls. A small tablet about a foot square is let into the wall below this, but has no inscription on it. I have no authority for my supposition, but it seemed to me possible that the assailants, of whom hundreds were slain close up to this bastion, were subsequently buried in its ruins, and that when the shattered portions of these walls were rebuilt these cannon-balls and shells were let in so as to mark the spot. Else there would seem no precise reason for putting up "1812" on this particular spot. It was in front of this breach that the French dug the ditch in which "about a hundred of the Fusiliers, the men of Albuhera, were smothered". The ditch, now dry, still exists. Six hundred British officers, non-commissioned officers and men lie somewhere near this spot. How and when they met their deaths during that most appalling assault will never be known. Napier's brief summary gives at least some idea of how varied and how terrible were the last moments of many. "Let any man picture to himself this frightful carnage taking place in a space less than a hundred yards square. Let him consider that the slain died, not all suddenly nor by one manner of death; that some perished by steel, some by shot, some by water; that some were crushed and mangled by heavy weights, some trampled upon, some dashed to atoms by the fiery explosions, and that for hours this destruction was endured without shrinking."

I climbed upon the ruined ravelin and looked around me. I was exactly facing the site of the breach in the curtain which lay hardly thirty yards distant; some sixty yards to my left front was the right flank of the Santa Maria, now repaired, but with a yawning fissure near its angle extending from the top, half-way down its walls, and marking where the renovated portion had sunk outwards, whilst at an equal distance to my right front was the right face of the Trinidad. I called to mind Napier's account of how it was at the Santa Maria a valourous Portuguese Grenadier was "the foremost man in", whilst at the Trinidad I thought of the "martial fury of that desperate soldier of the 95th" who, in his attempt to force his way through the chained sword-blades, thrust his head under them and was brained. When at dawn next morning the scene of strife was visited, the body of this gallant Rifleman was seen all by itself still pinned under the sharp blades, his comrades who had been slain having rolled back down the steep breach, where they lay heaped below. The leader of the stormers, O'Hare of the 95th Rifles, was found "dead on the top of the main breach pierced by several musket balls", whilst the whole space of the ditch between the bastions and across to the counterscarp was so thickly crowded with dead, dying and disabled men, some 2400 all told, that it was difficult to make one's way across it. So wrote men who were eyewitnesses of this appalling scene.

There is a memorial near Lucknow to mark the spot where Hodson fell, and on it is inscribed "Here died all that could die of Hodson of Hodson's Horse".

When, at Badajoz, I viewed the ancient walls which had witnessed this dreadful carnage it seemed that no more fitting epitaph could be inscribed on them in memory of those six hundred officers and men who now sleep peacefully somewhere near the old bastion of La Trinidad than "Here died all that could die of the Stormers slain on 6 April 1812". For surely their glory liveth and endureth for evermore!

## THE OLD SQUIRE'S WELCOME.

(Concluded.)

By GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

THINGS were happening now very much as the organiser had thought they would, perhaps as he half-wished them to happen. Thus the two Brokase spinsters had fallen into the dead faint Henry Brokase had expected, on the news being broken to them; out of which they firmly refused to come that afternoon. Henry Brokase had wasted no precious time or energy on this part of his task. He had taken them both together, and in a room where their shrieks would be out of ear-shot of the servants and the rest of the house. He had coldly but kindly told them the truth, and then left them safely with Pauline and the vinaigrettes. But how infinitely harder the problem of Maria! It is a man's relict that he must feel he has supremely the right to see, and be welcomed by, after seven years' absence; when between that relict and himself there have never been any feelings, any acts, but those of affection and kindness. A man does not look for vinegar after so long an enforced absence for which he has been himself in no way to blame. He wants the sweet, not the sour: and the Squire, as Henry well realised, was getting more than his share of the sour—first from the elder, and next from the second, not less horribly embarrassed son, the stickler Edmund.

Whatever Henry had told or hinted to the relict, under seal and in an envelope marked private and confidential, she did not come. Whatever the organiser told her, it was so discreetly couched that the dower household would not be flung into confusion and alarm. Henry was too good a vice-chairman not to guard against a tragedy on the line through bad management by the directorate.

Whatever then it exactly was that Henry had told her, Maria sent back by the bearer a line asking him to understand, beseeching him to understand, saying she knew he must and would understand, how impossible it was for her to promise definitely to come up to Botes Court that afternoon.

She would see; she would try; but there was so much for the servants to do, as dear, kind Henry would perfectly understand, in the way of packing up things that were always forgotten somehow till almost the last minute. Besides, the weather was so treacherous; the state of her nerves and the positive dread of the crossing to-morrow were such that she really half feared to venture out of doors.

What can be done in a case like this, with a woman like this, except wait and see if she does try, wait and trust to the weather changing? On the other hand, what can be done when the indulgent and affectionate husband, returned after all these years, calls for his own again, and his own is only two miles off, and there is no bar betwixt them but cold feet? Is this a time to wait and trust to the weather changing?

Besides, the Squire is still wondering where is Maria, and asking Edmund when is Maria coming? Imagine Edmund therefore, after his half-hour or so—a half-hour æons long—coming out for his breathing-space into the hall and Henry ready to take his place. Imagine the restraint, the horrible awkwardness—in no wise lessened by the rigid Edmund's appearance on the scene—still growing and growing between sire and sons; the rampart that Somerset House sets up seeming to be reared higher and higher, and the fosse sunk deeper and deeper.



Now Edmund comes out to watch and wait for the relict or tidings of her. He went in perhaps, somewhat with the air of one who is going to exorcise the evil spirits. He comes out much more with the look of a spirit that itself has been exorcised.

The afternoon wears on, the sun still shining from a cloudless sky through a serene air, but the yellow and the brown of the day becoming bleached now, the glory of it fading away. Edmund will take up the thread of the difficult Maria business where Henry has dropped it. He will ring the relict up; will ask, Cannot she manage to come up to Botes for even a short time? There is something very pressing for her to attend to. There is a message for her which it is imperative she should receive before leaving to-morrow. Still Maria will shilly shally; first insist it would be madness venturing out at such a time; implore Edmund and Henry to settle the business exactly as they think fit—she is certain the dear things will settle it absolutely for the best.

Then, relenting, Maria will send up a hasty message by hand to Botes as the ring of the telephone bell tries her nerves too much at such a time; will half-pledge herself to come up for tea within the next half-hour or so—half-pledge herself.

What can the quick or the dead do with such a woman as this, in whom weakness of will and strength of whim combine, but simply wait upon her indecision?

So they waited on Maria's whims, and Maria's whims waited on the weather, and the afternoon wore on—lengthened out, it seemed to the brothers, to a geologically slow period, of which they were fated to be the fossils.

They waited, holding bravely out, but wearying terribly in body and mind; for talking with the dead is like sleeping with the aged—it saps the strength and youth of people.

From time to time the Squire still asked, Where was Maria, why did she not come. And still the awkwardness, the iron bonds of restraint appeared to grow round the brothers.

They waited till Maria's tea hour, the hour at which her life was always at its fullest, and past the hour. Then they gave up all hope or fear of her coming. No human consideration would have brought Maria after the chill of evening had begun to set in; it would be the death of her to go out then. And now there remained only the youngest of the Brokases, Benjamin, to break the news to. He was christened Wilfred Thornclyff because the only book the old Squire cared for was "Rob Roy", and his heroes were the Osbaldistons; but he was known as Benjamin. Later the Squire described him as the gamekeeper of the family, and still later his brothers called him its fool. The brothers had clean overlooked him. At such a time one may overlook even the family incubus.

Benjamin, the latest born, was the darling of the old Squire's first wife. He was the ne'er-do-well, the waster, of that generation of Brokases. His elder brothers monopolised all the family ability and common sense, all the gifts and qualities which enable a family to keep on from the Conquest. He cared for nothing but shooting and wine and women.

Benjamin had been hustled away at sixteen to a crammer's in a village in the next county because he was mixed up in a scandal about Polly, the butcher's daughter, at Botes Charity. Thence he was hustled away to an Oxford College where matriculation was a mere formality, because of a scandal with one of the school teachers. He drank and drove tandem and played cards at Oxford for a year, when he was hustled off abroad because of one scandal with the wife of the scout of his own staircase, and a second scandal—which the authorities were secretive about—with the daughter of one of the proctor's men.

Benjamin did not leave his name upon the books; but he left it on the book. If anyone in high authority at the University doubts this, let him consult the records of "Liber Niger". There he will find the culprit's name with all the rest since, they say, even Elizabethan

times, the secret book which is not torn up from term of office to term of office. Perhaps, too, he will find poor Benjamin in company there with men who, by some chance of birth and events, were afterwards fated to go up and up in the world, whilst he by another chance was fated to be sent down.

Nobody had ever been able to do anything with Benjamin by hard word or by kind; and in the end, after the death of his first wife, even the old Squire, who held that every young fellow might well have his fling—he admitted he had a pretty good fling himself as a youngster—had given up Benjamin as a bad business. In a rage about the College debts, and in a greater rage at being pestered with long and lugubrious and extremely donnish letters about his whelp's misdeeds, about chapels skipped, and gates broken, and rustication, and all the rest of it, the Squire packed Benjamin off abroad; vowed, and this time kept that vow, he would never pay another sixpence of debt; cut down the ex-gamekeeper of the family to a bare living wage; and, finally, altered his will so that after his death Benjamin would get only a small allowance, and this was to be in the keeping of his two wise brothers. Father and son never met after that explosion and exile: the father was dead within the year.

After nearly eight years of wandering, working once or twice as a sailor before the mast, even a beachcomber in South America, the fool of the family had drifted back to England and learnt for the first time of the death of his father. He had come down to Botes, and was in the hands of the organiser. Perhaps what irked him most was not being in the hands of Henry the organiser but under the eye of Edmund the stickler. Edmund always gave sinners the unfortunate impression of being a man of unmitigated virtues. He was like the unlit lamp in "Piers Plowman"—was all chastity and no charity. He forbade the sinners and outcasts to come unto him. Henry may have been a machine—a machine for making other machinery—but he was not strait. He had none of Edmund's impatience with the weaker vessels about him. On the contrary, impatience was the last thing Henry could be charged with. A creator may be impatient. A critic may be impatient. But a great organiser cannot afford to be so. In a way does he not live by weakness in other vessels? What would there be for him to organise in a world all strength and decision and efficiency? Defects, omissions, frailties—these are the plastic material on which the great organiser works and succeeds.

Benjamin Brokase, ex-beachcomber, could be comfortable enough, therefore, at Botes Court so long as he was out of the range of Edmund's eye; and he knew he could always escape that in the billiard-room or in the gun-room, for Edmund neither smoked nor shot. It happened that Benjamin was in the gun-room at the time the brothers bethought themselves of him. He was justifying the Squire's description of him as the gamekeeper of the family—he was taking to pieces and cleaning and oiling with a feather all the guns. He had forgotten more about guns than most of the head-keepers in that countryside had ever learnt.

Edmund brought Benjamin into the hall, warned and urged him to hold himself in command; impressed on him the absolute necessity of seemly conduct; broke the news to him as Henry came out to inquire whether the fool of the family had been found and was fit to come.

But these fears and precautions of the brothers were all unnecessary. The outcast and the wastrel did not burst into ribald laughter or go into a dead faint, did not turn grey or purple. Henry Brokase had himself remarked one day that Benjamin was the human member of the family on the male side, and certainly more warm human life pulsed in Benjamin at this moment than seemed to have animated his brothers during the last three hours.

He hesitated not a moment. He thrust aside Edmund and the eye, he ran past Henry as if Henry did not count, and with a cheery cry of frank, almost incredulous joy, "What, Dad—dear old Dad!" he opened the door and burst into the room without

reserve or restraint. But all he saw was the empty chair and the empty room.

They sought for the old Squire about the grounds and gardens. They even called his name aloud. They curiously studied the soft gravel drives and the turf for some mark of a horse's hoof. But they found not the ghost of a trace of the Squire or his steed. Whether the dead are driven away through cold receptions by their successors, or whether it is the warm and effusive, the old human touch they shrink from, cannot be told. All that is known for sure is that Simon Brokase was gone. And with him went the splendour of that day. The brown and yellow light no more flooded the landscape. The veils of mist spread over the parks and beech woods; and the sun set, all molten red, and left the day colder than it found it.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### MOZART'S "DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Royal Colonial Institute Northumberland Avenue  
London W.C., 21 April 1913.

SIR—In the hope that some further remarks on this immortal work may conduce to a demand for its revival, I venture to add a few notes and comments to the letter published in your issue of Saturday last.

I am disposed to attribute the neglect of the piece less to the difficulty of finding an adequate "Regina di Notte" than to the absurdity of the doggerel libretto, obscuring the really fine dramatic possibilities of the opera, a masterly analysis of which may be found in Otto Jahn's "Life of Mozart". From the fine fugue which commences the overture to the last bar of the opera the work is redolent with beauties, and Mozart, who, like Handel, was not above appropriating a good thing when he found it, has included two, if not three, ancient chorales in the score.

The lady for whom the music of the Queen of Night was written was Mme. Hofer, Mozart's sister-in-law; she is, however, severely criticised by Schröder, who accuses her of "squeaking", and not being up to the part. This, in modern times, has been taken by two competent artists, Carlotta Patti and Ilma di Murska. When Miss Jennett Humphreys alludes to the air following the recitative "Non paventar", which is "A soffrir son destinata", I think she must mean the great air in the second act, which is much more exacting, being pitched high throughout, and containing several bars of staccato quavers in high C, and two passages leading to F altissimo. When Mme. Hofer extorted this vocal gymnastic from the composer (as no doubt she did) she probably wished to rival the most famous alto soprano ever known, La Agujari, who died in 1783, eight years before the production of "Il Flauto Magico". Her compass is said to have extended to B flat altissimo, or five semitones higher than the high notes allotted to her successor. The Italian words of this formidable aria are as follows:

"Gli angui d'inferno sentomi nel petto,  
Megera, Aletto son d'intorno a me!  
Svelga al fellon, svelga Pamina il core,  
Se il reo non muore, figlia mia non è;  
Ti lascio, t'abbandono, più madre tua non sono;  
Paventa il mio furore, se non osi esser crudel!  
Svelga al fellon, Pamina svelga il core!  
Ciel! Ciel! l'orrendo mio voto!  
Ciel! ascolta o Ciel!"

Here is a torrent of bad language! And in German it sounds even worse, if possible; worthy of a virago in Hyde Park. But it is characteristic of Mozart's consummate dramatic genius that this tirade is immediately followed by the beautiful and soothing bass air, "Qui sdegno", larghetto, in E, contrasting with allegro assai, in D minor. A more perfect antithesis could hardly be conceived. Such of your readers as care to study the genesis of the plot will find it in Wieland's fairy tale "Dochinnistan", the subject being the

efforts of two souls to escape from profligate and criminal surroundings. A similar allegory is beautifully treated in E. T. W. Hoffmann's "Der goldne Topf".

Yours faithfully

W. J. GARNETT.

### NEW AUTHORS FOR OLD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Columbia University New York City  
11 April 1913.

SIR—The reference in your issue of 15 March to a recent paper of mine is so incorrect that I cannot believe that the writer had before him the article he was criticising. I never made, either in my paper or anywhere else, the statement with respect to Mr. Gilbert Chesterton that you attribute to me; in fact, I did not even mention Mr. Chesterton. I did not say, "If we must read dead men, let us, at any rate, go no further back than Ibsen or Meredith". On the contrary, I did say: "I am not suggesting that the older authors should be neglected. I simply urge that the more recent ones should not be denied serious study merely because they are recent. . . . Modern literature cannot be understood without a knowledge of literary history, and I am very far from advocating the study of the modern period to the exclusion of all else".

I did not say anything to justify your report or interpretation: "The older writers are exhausted. The Elizabethans, for instance, are wearing 'a little thin'". I did suggest that graduate research had been directed in an excessive degree to the Elizabethan period, but this seems to me very different from the opinion you ascribe to me.

My paper was read at a meeting of the Modern Language Association of America at Philadelphia and printed in the "New York Independent" of 20 February 1913. I take it that your comment was based upon a summary which did me less than justice, and that your contributor did not intentionally misrepresent what I said; but as I do not wish to be credited with absurd opinions I do not hold, I request the courtesy of your publication of this correction.

I am etc.

J. W. CUNLIFFE.

### THE ADMIRALTY ARCH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Swaylands House Penshurst Kent  
15 April 1913.

SIR—I gave you a nut to crack, and you certainly have not got at the kernel. Let me ask you once more to peruse (1) your paragraph of 15 February, (2) your article headed "Admiralty Arch" of 22 February, (3) my letter to the "Times" of 4 March, (4) your paragraph in Notes of the Week 8 March, and (5) your last editorial note of 5 April.

Where is the consistency or continuity in the remarks of these several writers on your staff? Why do you, to save the face of the writer of No. (1), persist in insinuating that I was a party to a scheme which would entail great expense upon the ratepayers?

Those who know can tell you how vehemently opposed I have been to any serious interference with Drummond's Bank, and I only agreed to Sir Aston Webb's proposition, at a comparatively slight cost to complete his original scheme, as a possible solution of what, in my opinion, was a "hopeless task". I am sorry that the word "premises" proved a stumbling-block! You made me a present of an "s" to avoid, I presume, reiteration of the word in the same sentence. That did not, however, sweeten your explanation, which as regards its conclusion remained as bitter as before—pace writer of No. (1), who, I expect, knew more about "premises" in their building sense than he did about the probable cost of Sir Aston Webb's proposals.

I observe in your edition of 8 March that you advocate the adoption of Sir R. Paget's scheme. What would your writer No. (1) have to say to such an enormously costly work? As you apparently are interested



in the future of the "Arch" problem, I should wish you to consider how the three cock-eyed arches would appear as seen through another single arch not even in alignment with the others? and also how the single arch would appear as seen through the present arches from the Mall side. I shall stick to my opinion that the only solution is, Sir Aston Webb's original intention, to copy the elevation of Drummond's Bank on the opposite side. I shall strongly oppose, bearing in mind the fears of one of your staff as to expense, any interference with the elevation of the Bank, and I trust to meet with the valuable support of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Yours faithfully

GEORGE DRUMMOND.

#### "SETTING THE THAMES ON FIRE."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Bourne, 16 March 1913.

SIR—In a recent article on the L.C.C. elections, speaking of the Moderates you make use of the expression "The Thames will not be set on fire". It would be interesting to trace to its English origin the banality "He will not set the Thames on fire", which in common parlance is usually taken to mean that nothing out of the ordinary, albeit not necessarily impossible, will be accomplished by the person of whom it is spoken. The metaphor, therefore, is not very apt since to ignite water is a physical impossibility. That it found its origin in the French equivalent, "*Il ne fera pas brûler le tamis*" there can be little doubt. This expression is much happier in its application to the idea which both the French and English user wishes to convey, since the action implied is not utterly impossible. It is conceivable that the person using the sieve might, by dint of great energy, engender sufficient heat to set the tool on fire. Possibly the translator confounded "*le tamis*" with "*La Tamise*", the French name for the river Thames. If so the metaphor has lost more than half its meaning in crossing the Channel.

Yours truly

ALBERT E. K. WHERRY.

#### TARIFF REFORM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

17 April 1913.

SIR—The alterations advocated by Democratic politicians in the United States will be made the basis of misleading argumentation by Radicals in England, and this makes it important that attention be constantly directed to the actual conditions of trade.

The year 1912 was one of unexampled prosperity for the United States of North America. Manufacturing concerns of all kinds were running at full capacity, upon a solid financial basis. The demand for labour was steadily growing, notwithstanding an immense immigration of workers. The balance of exports over imports exceeded five hundred million dollars, while the value of agricultural products exceeded by a thousand million dollars any total ever known in the whole history of the Republic.

Turning to England, it is of interest to ourselves to observe that Americans are obliged to admit the reasonableness of our hope that we stand to gain by a wiser policy regarding our own import duties. Some words quoted from your contemporary "America" for 8 March 1913 merit consideration and repetition: "Even though Tariff Reform should raise the cost of living somewhat, there can be no doubt that it would raise wages much more. Commercially the Empire would cease to be a loose aggregation, and would become one. . . . The conditions would tend to become like those in the United States, where two contrary forces are at work determining wages. . . . There are economic difficulties in the way of Tariff Reform . . . food taxes is not one of them".

Yours faithfully

M. A. C.

## REVIEWS.

### WAR TO-DAY.

"On War of To-day." By Friederich von Bernhardi. Authorised Translation by Karl von Donat. London: Rees. 1913. Vols. I. and II. 9s. net each vol.

THE last book from the pen of General von Bernhardi which we reviewed we were obliged to characterise as scarcely worthy of his high reputation. We are glad to note that in the pages before us he returns once more to his earlier manner, and gives us the benefit of his experience and knowledge as a soldier instead of the vapourings of the previous work, when he lost himself in visions of "world empires" and the destruction of England. The foolish hatred and misunderstanding of a nation which has not had cause or desire to quarrel with Germany crops up occasionally even now, but the main object of the work aims at something better than malicious spite, and matter really worthy of study replaces misrepresentation. Our author has set himself the task of bringing the teaching of Clausewitz, if not completely up to date, at any rate much further in the direction of modern times than that most philosophic of writers on war had done. It is an ambitious project, and if adequately carried through will satisfy a demand which has long been felt in this country at any rate. For there is no one book in existence which will enable a young officer to gain a clear view of every phase of war and of the machinery by which war in our time is conducted. We thought as we read the first that if the second volume were as good as is the greater part of its predecessor we would in future be most grateful to our German fire-eater, and glad "to learn from the enemy" (self-constituted). At the outset, however, we would point out that the term "science of war"—more than once made use of in the pages before us—is a wrong expression, although we are well aware that it has recently crept into use in this country. The older term "art of war" is the correct one, for war is essentially a matter of personality and circumstances, and no exact rules can be laid down or observed with regard to it as is the case where a science and not an art is concerned.

Having started with a determination to work from the foundations upwards in the most methodical manner, the author shows how modern tactics were evolved and how the aims of strategy in our day are modified by the changed circumstances which face us. We would gladly put up with the inevitable prolixity which is so dear to German authors even when they are soldiers, but we must demur to the omission of all reference to Wellington and the two-deep line which showed Europe in the Peninsula how to destroy Napoleon's columns by the vast increment of fire thus engendered. Here Europe was taught by us; where we should learn from Europe is to be found in the next chapter, and we are by no means too proud to accept the hint. In "The Secret of Modern War" we are told to prepare in peace-time for what we can foresee coming. Preparation is the essence of success in warfare, as has been proved over and over again, not only by the classic example of Germany in her late triumphs, but long previously, back to the days of the ancients, by the care with which every great leader has matured his plans. There is no lesson of which we are more in need, none we should more closely study. The chapter on "Constancy in War" develops the argument, and we are led on to "Speculation in War" where the absurdity of endeavouring to introduce "doctrine" into our system is well exposed. These introductory chapters are followed by others entering more closely into technicalities, and, generally speaking, these are dealt with in a manner which is most praiseworthy. The heavy tax which the huge armies of to-day make on the strength of officers abroad in continually training recruits and re-training reservists is rightly dwelt on. It is shown, too, how the

tactical value of troops is gradually decreasing, and we are reminded of the difficulty experienced on the Continent in obtaining officers and non-commissioned officers. The mechanism of modern war is so complicated, the masses are so difficult to manœuvre, the consequences of initial errors so irretrievable that new problems are presented to generals, and they must be solved in a manner—in the first stages of the war at any rate—other than that which the great masters have handed down. It is pointed out very truly that when field service has taken its toll, when the first great battle has broken up and loosened formations, the older lessons will be more applicable, and that the eternal truths of warfare will assert themselves once more. What is said as to "Force and Numbers" is particularly valuable, and the fallacies which brought about the Prussian overthrow in 1806 amply brought out. The chapters which follow deal with "Modern Arms and Means of Defence", "Technical Appliances in Warfare", "March Technics", "Methodics in Moving Armies", and so on. They are of a character only suited to the professional soldier, and in some cases only to those who aspire to the highest rank as Staff officers, but they are closely reasoned and full of information, which will not fail to be appreciated in the proper quarter, and we welcome them as supplying us with assistance which was much required. Amongst the more technical chapters are, however, two which will be eagerly read by all who are interested in the movement of military ideas and thought, whether they be professional soldiers or not. In that on the "Importance of Cavalry" the writer, who is perhaps its greatest living authority, deals with the matter in a way that constitutes the best exposition of the tactics of the arm with which we have recently met. The falsity of some German views as to the intervention of cavalry on the battlefield is exhibited relentlessly, while the value of the arm properly turned to account is clearly shown. Another chapter on "Self-Reliance, Method, and Command" will appeal to a wide audience, and here again we have sound advice and the matured experience of a well-read soldier who has taken part in war on the grand scale placed before us. Less valuable are the concluding chapters on coast defence and naval warfare, because naturally what the author has to give us is here only second-hand. But he shows himself a man of wide knowledge and big views throughout, and what he says is to the point. The translation is, we regret to say, hardly adequate.

When the second volume appeared we opened it with much curiosity, because we were anxious to see how far the promise of its predecessor had been sustained. We may say at once that on the whole our expectations have been fulfilled, or even exceeded. The translation strikes us as improved; the lofty plane of thought reached in the first volume is maintained, and the higher branches of war are discussed in quite a worthy manner. A few blemishes, which we fear are inseparable from the author's manner, still appear. A hatred of England and all connected with it is manifest throughout, and is evidenced by the statement that the victory of Waterloo and the retreat to Wavre are to be attributed to Gneisenau alone! Wellington receiving no credit whatever. A certain arrogance in expressing opinions and a tendency to represent the enemy as always doing the thing he ought not—what he is required to do if the policy suggested is to be successful—is likewise evident.

On the other hand, General von Bernhardt's literary abilities are nowhere more conspicuous. He writes in a manner to claim attention; and, if his own views are open to question, he often quotes those of great masters aptly and in a manner that gives us occasion to reflect. Book III., which deals with attack and defence, will be read with special interest, and is usually sound. The remarks on machine guns will be endorsed by soldiers in this country, while what is said on artillery in attack, and the support of the other arms by it, if not very original, is put before us with a vigour and freshness which

will attract attention. One quotation is enough to give us cause for reflexion. "During the South African war the English artillery was so tremendously superior to that of the enemy that it was constantly able to devote its energies to fighting the hostile firing lines. Yet in spite of this it never succeeded in overwhelming the Boers. The Boers rather remained tactically superior to the English infantry up to the end of the war, and over and over again they defeated the attacks of their much stronger opponents in spite of an overwhelming artillery fire." From this is drawn the conclusion that we can never be too strong in attack, and it were well that we paused and considered before units are reduced, which cannot be replaced with the facility with which they are got rid of. Here, however, we must join issue with the author as regards the very optimistic spirit which is revealed in his views as to the assault of hostile positions. We are always being told that "losses are to be disregarded", and such phrases as "storming forward without a stop" occur with "damnable iteration". Even penetration of a position such as Napoleon carried through is no longer impossible, according to the author. A forward spirit is most soldierlike and praiseworthy, but in a scientific book on war mere rhetoric is not convincing; and nothing that the Germans have done in 1870 or since leads us to believe that they will disregard bullets any more than other soldiers do. Book IV. introduces us to the changes which modern inventions have brought about in the conduct of war, and our author is here very well worth listening to. He discusses the influence of politics on war, the importance of time in strategy and tactics, space in connexion with the decisive direction, and tactical and strategic reserves. It is not so much what he has to say in the way of definite instruction that is valuable. The points he raises are large, and in connexion with every one of them he opens the door both for thought and discussion. In war, where no panaceas or solutions of universal application can be accepted, treatises which stimulate inquiry and encourage speculation are particularly helpful, and it is precisely in this respect that the chapters to which we have referred excel. Very interesting, too, in view of our treaty obligations, are those wherein the German method of enveloping an opponent are discussed, most especially those which examine the strategical conditions that will arise should Germany be called upon to fight both France and Russia, and the remarks on the causes that prevented von Moltke from attaining as great a triumph in the Austrian war of 1866 as he himself hoped for, and ought to have obtained. In this connexion the author not unjustly has something the reverse of complimentary to say of our strategy in South Africa and the fatal neglect to grip and destroy the armed forces of the enemy, which cost us so dear in lives and money. The intention of Germany to march to the next war with France through both Holland and Belgium is, we may mention, quite nakedly avowed, a fact which we trust will be made the most of by those who do not regard treaty obligations as mere phrases, and who wish to enable us to carry out our promises to our allies.

#### THE ONE RELIGION OF CHINA.

"Religion in China." By J. J. M. de Groot. London and New York: Putnams. 1913. 6s. net.

"The Three Religions of China." By the Rev. W. E. Soothill. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1913. 6s.

IT is a matter of common knowledge that China is practically free from the bitter sectarian spirit which is inseparable from the creeds of the West. Instead of sharp divisions and sanguinary conflicts, we find a peaceable rivalry and a mutual tolerance. The religious field is not parcelled out between opposing sects, but occupied more or less in common. It is hardly possible to label the average Chinese as a Confucianist, a Buddhist or a Taoist, for the simple reason that he is catholic enough to be all three at once. The same



man who reverences the name of Confucius and tries to carry out his precepts has no hesitation in accepting the doctrine of Karma and the transmigration of souls. That, again, does not prevent him from calling in the aid of Taoist priests for purposes of exorcism or divination. If charged with inconsistency, he will probably quote the old tag which declares that these religions are "three in name but one in essence". Viewing them in their modern aspect, foreigners are often at a loss to understand the truth of this saying. Yet, if we trace the development of Chinese religion from its beginning, we shall find that Confucianism and Taoism are, in fact, branches proceeding from the same parent trunk, while Buddhism, though not indigenous to China, has a striking affinity to the system on which it was successfully engrafted.

Opinions are still divided as to the primitive form of religious belief among the Chinese. In one of his previous publications, based on a careful survey of present-day conditions, Professor de Groot states that animism has from time immemorial been the very core of Chinese religion. This, though true up to a certain point, cannot be regarded as a satisfactory statement of the whole body of fact. In the present work more stress is laid on the universalistic conception of Nature, which the Chinese appear to have reached at an early period. But he fails to explain how this remarkable conception came into being, and indeed seems to assume that its origin is lost in the night of time. But, as a matter of fact, distinct indications are to be found in the oldest classical books, more especially the "Shu Ching", that this universalism was preceded by a monotheistic system almost as pure and certainly more spiritual than that of the Pentateuch. For, although the worship of ancestral and other spirits was prevalent as far back as our historical knowledge carries us, such worship is quite as compatible with true monotheism as is the Roman Catholic invocation of saints. It must be said, however, that the actual worship of Shang Ti, the Supreme Ruler, was confined to the Emperor alone, so that it is not surprising to find the idea of God becoming gradually less personal and more abstract. By the beginning of the first millennium B.C. we are confronted with Nature-worship in its larger sense—what Professor de Groot chooses to denote by the ugly though expressive term *Universism*. At this second stage the name for God is T'ien, "heaven", which on the one hand became the starting-point for the famous dualistic cosmogony (earth being the natural correlative of heaven), and on the other showed the way to a more profound and philosophic system in which the very idea of God was destined to grow fainter and finally disappear. A good illustration may be found in the use of the phrase T'ien Tao, "the way of heaven", or, as we might say, the working of the universe. As the conception of a personal God receded into the background, the T'ien began to be dropped, leaving the monosyllable Tao, which stood simply for the sum of the laws of Nature. This change marks the conviction that God as an entity is unknowable, and only to be studied in His works.

Arguing, reasonably enough, that man's conduct must be modelled, so far as possible, on the conduct of the highest Power known to him, the Chinese proceeded to construct their ethical system in conformity with the observed characteristics of Tao. So far Taoist and Confucianist are at one. The religion of both is properly to be called Taoism, because each tries to frame his conduct according to Tao; that is Nature herself. It is only in their interpretation of Nature that they diverge. Lao Tzu, who is supposed to have been an elder contemporary of Confucius, was chiefly impressed by the absence of any moral sense in the Power which controls natural phenomena, by its serene impassivity, its inexorable calm. Hence his advice to men is to eschew all positive manifestation of virtue, to transcend, so far as possible, the artificial distinctions of good and evil, and to live in complete conformity with Nature. Confucius did not wholly reject the philosophy of quietism, but, unlike Lao Tzu, he

saw in Nature a principle of active benevolence, which led him to inculcate the practice of definite virtues, both self-regarding and altruistic. He went still further astray from the Taoist ideal by laying great stress on the observance of certain rules and ceremonies, which originally possessed real symbolic value, but with the lapse of time passed into a system of rigid formalism from which the life had evaporated. For many centuries after Confucius, however, the cleavage between his system and that of Taoism proper cannot be said to have gone very deep. It was freely recognised that both were derived from a common stock, and in heterodox writings of the period it is often tacitly assumed that Confucius himself was a Taoist.

The introduction of Mahâyâna Buddhism, another atheistic or *Universistic* system, had the effect of widening the breach by drawing Taoism into new paths. The latter cult found itself, in fact, compelled to adopt or imitate the more attractive features of Buddhist doctrine in order to maintain its position in the presence of this formidable competitor. Buddhism in its turn made a bid for popular favour by borrowing from the older religion; and it is easy to understand how, under the stress of this ignoble rivalry, both of them quickly deteriorated, falling from the lofty heights of philosophy into the morass of vulgar superstition and magic. Confucianism—pre-eminently the religion of the educated classes—has alone been able to keep itself unsoiled by these baser elements. It has always countenanced ancestral worship, which indeed is the corner-stone of filial piety; but in other ways it discourages undue preoccupation with the world of spirits. To this, and not, as Professor de Groot declares, to the bloodthirsty persecution of rival sects, does it owe its unshaken hold on the Chinese nation to the present day. Religious wars, which have devastated Europe over and over again, but which China has never known, must not be confused with wars undertaken on political grounds, however cruel, such as those against the Mohammedans in the north-western provinces. Christianity itself has always been tolerated in China so long as it did not seek to meddle with affairs of State. This point is candidly admitted by Mr. Soothill, whose book, though naturally written from the missionary's standpoint, is commendably free from bias and generously appreciative of much that is good in ancient Chinese doctrine. Professor de Groot, with a clearer and more scientific conception of Chinese religion as a whole, is unhappily obsessed with one or two pet theories which have gradually crystallised in his mind, and are apt to warp his saner judgment.

#### THE ARNOLD LIP.

"The Arnold Lip." By C. E. Lawrence. London: Murray. 1913. 6s.

MENTAL indigestion is a malady from which we all suffer from time to time. Its first symptoms are to be observed in the child after his, or her, first night at the pantomime, when sleep is disturbed by strange dreams, in which the Fairy Godmother develops the tendencies of the Ogre and everything that has been seen on the stage happens again, but in a perverted manner. The elders who put all this down to a late and too plentiful supper are wide of the mark, for the child's difficulty is in digesting a completely new vision of life, and in maturity the disease is usually aggravated, whilst in old age it becomes chronic and incurable. Mr. Lawrence has, we fancy, a touch of it. All the characters in his novel have it badly, and he has done his best to spread the infection to his readers.

Many influences doubtless always go to the making of an author. The most daringly original young man of letters could scarcely write a book which did not contain a number of unacknowledged and unheeded debts to Shakespeare, for plagiarism is as much a law of literature as gravitation is a law of nature. In using the English language Mr. Lawrence is of necessity a borrower and an inheritor, but he does not deal in words alone, for he has given us an extravaganza of ideas. He has not, so far as we know, been, like

our child, to the pantomime, but it is more than probable that he has been to "Milestones" and, perhaps, to a play by Mr. Stanley Houghton, whilst his acquaintance with Mr. Wells' last published novel would not surprise us. Once upon a time maybe he studied Mr. Shaw. And what result save mental indigestion is to be expected from all this? The first ideas of "The Arnold Lip" must have come to its step-author in a dream following a long period given up to intellectual orgy, but on awaking he happily realised that they were too bad to be anything but a good joke, and it was in that spirit that he wrote. His new book is the *reductio ad absurdum* of the industriously exploited problem of the family. Its opening chapters do indeed suggest the introduction of a discussion which is to be taken seriously, and we reading them were for a while in the grip of nightmare.

Anthony Arnold and his son Hugh seemed earnest to play parts in the comedy of the generations, for the one was a mellow prig and the other was a callow prig, and, whilst the elder man insisted on using the dinner-table as a platform for anti-Socialist oratory and the glorification of the little race of which he himself was head, the younger one showed painful signs of "modern unrest". Both indulged in the cut-and-thrust conversation conventional to the situation, but at the end of the fifth chapter a reasonable understanding had been reached, and Hugh departed for London to lead, or to mislead, his own life, still remaining on friendly terms with all but one of the members of his family, the exception being Aunt Maria, who telegraphed her disapproval. In town the young man did none of the things which ought to have displeased his relatives. He did not love indecorously or unsuitably, neither did he drink nor gamble. His uncle, if not his father, had done all those things before him, and he was sufficiently original to adopt a baby, an act in itself kindly yet one obviously liable to be misunderstood. Poor Hugh was, of course, disowned, but one day he and a pleasant young woman brought the infant for inspection to his old home. The innocent couple must have looked very much like the parents they were not, but the babe converted the feminine part of the Arnold family, because they all wanted to wash it and put it to bed.

Here, we think, Mr. Lawrence might have stopped, but he manages to keep the story going for a while with ever-increasing improbabilities. The end, however, is a triumph and an exposure. To the assembled Arnolds comes the news of Aunt Maria's death. "Absolutely impossible", said one of them, and we quite agree. Often we had heard of her as the presiding genius of the family; she had seemed, indeed, to be the family itself, but she never appeared in person, and we grew to think of her as a myth. We cannot believe in her death, because we had doubts of her alive, and so it is with all that she represented. The sacred "Institution of the Family" is not being destroyed by the play-writers and novelists, because in this land its existence is neither real nor apparent, but, all this apart, Mr. Lawrence has had a good joke at somebody's expense.

#### INDIA AGAIN.

"Indian Pages and Pictures." By M. M. Shoemaker. London and New York: Putnams. 1912. 10s. 6d. net.

"A Little Tour in India." By the Hon. R. Palmer. London: Arnold. 1913. 8s. 6d.

"The European in India." By H. Hervey. London: Stanley Paul. 1913. 12s. 6d.

THERE is a great "boom" in books on India just now—and in one sense, so much the better; for the more sound men visit that country and air their views (even if slightly inexperienced ones) of how matters strike them out there, the more likely is it that the thousand-and-one difficulties of "ruling India peaceably for her good" which the Indian Civil Service daily encounters, will get pushed home and appreciated by the world at large.

Three books written from three totally different standpoints (one an American) we have just read. Of these one may be at once eliminated from the class of desirable books on India, for it is not only unpleasantly written and in a tone of bitter unconcealed dislike of the Indian Civilian (who is invariably referred to as "the bloated Civilian" (!), apparently on account of his receiving a Government pension and higher pay than the so-called "uncovenanted Civilian" to which class the author announces himself as belonging), but the greater part of it is taken up in merely indulging in imaginary scenes and dialogues between imaginary characters, and these last of an unnecessarily unpleasant and often "impossible" type; of real information there is hardly any, and barring the photographs, which, including one of the author, seem to be quite good, the book may be put "on the shelf" without any great loss to the public. After the powder—the jam! and it was with pleasure enhanced somewhat by going through the previous volume that we read Mr. Palmer's "Little Tour in India". This is a collection of letters, not written originally "for publication", as the author says in his modest preface, and the letters show that their writer is a keen observer both of the people and the scenery among whom he travels, and that he writes what he thinks about them. He seems to have been a good deal in clerical society and to be much interested in the "Church of England" missions to the natives, but this does not prevent his seeing the humorous side to, let us say, the conversion of the Mang! and after reading the description of that race we trust we may never meet a "Mang" at a tea-party! There are severe remarks as to the corruption which exists among native officials, and two or three stories about the naïve embezzlement of Famine Relief Funds are quoted, and incline us to think that "Messina Speculators" exist outside Italy. Incidentally the writer shows how the I.C.S. man turns to and does practically everything in his district from ruling to doctoring, and he re-states what even Englishmen who have never toured India are at last beginning to believe, that the Indian Civilian Commissioner or Collector or District Magistrate would be able to do still more practical good, if he were left a little more time to go about among his people instead of spending his days (and nights!) writing reports for the bureaucratic Government clerk to pigeon-hole at his leisure. Mr. Palmer's trip, which began with the Durbar, was before the Royal Commission started work, so that he quotes freely from a certain prophetic I.C.S. official's remarks, made to him about the question of examinations for the Civil Service etc., and the agitation of the Bengalis etc. "He [the I.C.S. official] says 'When the Bengalis began agitating he spent two years in putting down their sedition, and twice had his life attempted, after which, as he said, it seemed so silly to find you'd been shot at for nothing. He thought the reversal [of the Partition of Bengal] had done mischief, because it was patent that had there been no agitation there would have been no reversal, so that inevitably next time the Bengalis want something reversed they will expect to get it by agitating and bomb-throwing.' . . . He went on to say that the Bengalis were so plausible that it took most Viceroys about four years to find them out, and then they had to go home. What he most feared was that 'one day some fool will come out from England and give 'em simultaneous examinations', which, he said, would result in flooding the Civil Service with Indians, (a) because most Indians are very good crammers and the Indian C.S. is a cram exam.; (b) because those who weren't would buy copies of the papers beforehand, a thing which it would be impossible to stop once the papers were in India."

There is a good deal more of this Solomon's wisdom we would like to quote, but we must leave it to the readers who will get Mr. Palmer's book. Some of the letters sent home from Kashmir are specially good and descriptive, and the reference to the sheets of little mauve iris spreading over the fields, and the thatched



roofs of the houses covered with gorgeous coloured tulips are observant touches pleasant to read; the whole book is fresh and humorous, and, though originally just "letters home", we are glad Mr. Palmer's friends made him publish them.

Mr. Shoemaker's volume of travel goes over a good part of the same ground as Mr. Palmer's, but it is India seen by some Americans who are moving about pretty comfortably from Bombay up into Kashmir, and it is rather garrulously written; none of the party do or say or meet with anything startling; indeed, the greatest adventure (and worst from the lady's point of view) recounted is the scrunching of Mrs. Shoemaker's bonnet-box. The author is writing for and to his compatriots, and we are glad that he tells them that the English after all do not do so badly in India; and he refers in a kindly spirit to the courtesy and hospitality shown him and his party by English travellers when they meet at some of the rest-houses or Dāk-bungalows during their travels. Mr. Shoemaker has written several other books of his journeys in different countries; on the whole he "garrules" pleasantly, and there are photographs to illustrate his remarks, and a good many people will certainly get and enjoy his rather lengthy account of his time in India.

#### THE INSTINCT OF LABOUR.

"The Worker and his Country." By Fabian Ware. London: Arnold. 1912. 3s. 6d.

MR. WARE—one of the last of the intellectualists to edit a London daily!—is disappointing and depressing in this work. He seems obsessed by the modern French pseudo-philosophy of syndicalism, and offers little more than a shrill indictment of our existing social system. Instinct is to most reason, he tells us, instinct expressing itself in an overpowering thirst for equality, not to say *liberté* and *fraternité*. But pessimism is in fashion, so we must throw reason to the winds and trust in the blind instinct of the mob. Conditions to-day in many ways are wrong, very wrong, but we believe ordinary common sense, helped by practical knowledge and sympathetic insight, will see us through present troubles. The rock on which the social state might split is the ever-widening gap between the weekly wage-earners and the comfortable classes. But in the long run rich idlers count as little as poor wastrels. Of both society is contemptuous, and perhaps too tolerant. The danger lies in the new conditions created by modern industrial methods. Limited liability has destroyed personal sympathy. No managing director, however philanthropic, can take the place of the old master. He is dealing with other people's money and his duty is to earn dividends. So the fight between wage-earners and wage-payers grows keener every day, and more and more as profits increase the wage-earner is insistently demanding a greater share. Superficially co-operative working would seem to solve the difficulty, yet, strangely enough, the workmen of the great co-operative societies, themselves entirely composed of wage-earners, are notoriously underpaid and discontented. In some cases co-operation has been successful, but many industries do not lend themselves to its special methods. Another remedy for present discontent is the minimum wage, already legalised in several trades, but this again to be effective must always vary with the purchasing power of money for the time being. Yet it is something gained that public opinion is now firmly convinced no industry is worth keeping unless its workers can receive from it a living wage. Another section of social reformers pin all their faith to legislation, often forgetting how useless this is unless the people are ripe to receive and to obey it. The National Insurance Act, tentative and wanting in many respects, is a long step in the right direction, as it compels all to do what many have long done voluntarily. The greatest mistake was the creation of an official hierarchy instead of continuing to

work through existing voluntary agencies. The unemployment benefit scheme, soon we hope to be extended, administers a fund which will help thousands of wage-earners over the difficult bridge of slack times and bad trade. This scheme is also working in unexpected but very useful directions. One of the most serious problems in works is time capriciously broken by the men, and the better the wages often the greater the trouble. But deliberate broken time without good reason is misconduct and debar a man from the unemployment benefit he immediately seeks on dismissal. This was never anticipated, and the effect is already salutary. Labour exchanges working in conjunction with unemployed benefit are already able to sort out the wastrels of the labour world, and before long there should be quite sufficient material for the preparation of a Labour Colonies Act. All this, one is often told, costs money, and the charges on industry are far too heavy already. Yet most of the extra charge comes back in increased efficiency and lower rates, and was there ever a time in our industrial history when trade was more prosperous and the comfortable classes more comfortable? Half the trouble of to-day is the direct result of the comfortable man's forgetfulness that he owes a duty to the social system which gives him his comfort and protection in that he should freely give of his knowledge and experience to those very local authorities whose extravagance and ineptitude he is so fond of quoting. If the majority of men on local authorities are second-rate it is because other and better men refuse to take the trouble to make themselves known, and to offer services which, after a little patient work, would be gladly accepted. Where such men have stepped down and given of their time and energy, local work is well and efficiently done, class-hatred practically unknown, and the agitator without an audience.

We are glad we can see so little ground for Mr. Ware's pessimism. We believe in the common sense of the people and in their willingness to be led, and if ever revolution happens in this country it will come, as it came in France, because those who ought to have been among the people, who ought to have guided and to have led them, forgot the duty they owed to fellow-men less fortunately placed than themselves.

#### AN UNBALANCED PICTURE.

"The Arabs in Tripoli." By Alan Ostler. London: Murray. 1912. 10s. 6d. net.

THERE is a difficulty in dealing with a book which expressly disclaims the title of a "history" and yet outlines events which go to make history; and uses, as the basis of comment, erroneous information. If the errors in fact and the evident bias which detract from the value of Mr. Ostler's exceedingly interesting book did not throw a false light upon a number of important points; if they did not reflect unfairly upon the honour of the Italian army and the Italian people, it would be easy to pass them over lightly and proceed to the far more grateful task of appreciating the vivid sketches of men and places drawn upon the background of the war in Tripoli. In view of the unfounded criticisms made or implied such a course is impossible, to the present reviewer at least, whose own experience refutes the misapprehensions by which Mr. Ostler's book is so unfortunately coloured.

The "demoralisation" of the Italian troops has been a favourite theme with writers who saw nothing, or practically nothing, of the limited amount of fighting that took place in Tripoli last winter. Perhaps the best way of answering the charge is to expose the kind of statement by which it is supported. Two quotations from the book under review afford good material for comment.

(1) "When a sortie (sic) was finally made, the advance guards, at least, were entirely composed of new men. Those who had lain for many days in the trenches were broken in nerve and weary in body" (p. 58).

(2) "From the booty taken by the Arabs in and after the fight, we figured later that the following regiments—15th, 18th, 40th, 50th, 52nd, 80th, 85th, 93rd—and a regiment of Grenadiers were all new blood, used on that day for the first time against the Turks" (p. 79).

Both these quotations refer to the advance upon Ain-Zara, when the Turks and Arabs were sent packing with a haste that makes the idea of "booty" ridiculous; and they are directly contrary to the facts. With one exception, the Fenestrelle battalion of Alpini, the troops which took part in the fight were actually those which had been longest in Tripoli. They had "lain in the trenches" for periods varying from six to nearly eight weeks, and their admirable spirit had not been quenched by the strain to which they had been subjected. The Alpini had arrived later, but they too had been in the trenches for some time, and they had taken part in the re-capture of El Hanni and Fort Messri eight days before the advance upon Ain-Zara. Further comment is unnecessary.

Apparently Mr. Ostler has no knowledge of the fight which preceded the battle of Ain-Zara, for he expressly says: "I had been for some three weeks amongst the Turks before the Italians ventured out into the open. It was on the fourth of December. . . ." At first he had suspicions, based on the daily roar of guns and rattle of musketry, that "fighting was afoot in some quarter or another", which he was not permitted to see; but he was readily persuaded by Turkish officers that the Italians were only firing at the desert or the palms. In this way he seems to have been kept in ignorance, not only of the systematic bombardment of El Hanni and Amruss, but of the advance through the oasis on 26 November. The point is important, for it shows clearly the policy adopted by the Turkish authorities towards the correspondents in their camp.

There are other misleading statements concerning the military operations, but one more instance will suffice. Mr. Ostler writes, on p. 35, that "when sixteen or seventeen transports, with four warships, lay off Zuara, Musa Bimbashi and his men defeated every attempt at landing, and the Italians were forced to disembark their men full thirty miles away". When the Italians landed at Ras Makabes on 10 April they had prepared the way by a demonstration off Zuara (though not on the scale suggested by Mr. Ostler), in order to concentrate the Arabs at the point apparently threatened. The appearance of warships and transports off Zuara was simply a feint; there was no intention or attempt to land.

Mr. Ostler asserts that "No one in Europe doubts the truth of revelations concerning the massacre of the unarmed Arabs". Happily Mr. Ostler is wrong. From the first there were many people who were unable to accept the more lurid accusations, and a wider disbelief quickly followed upon a consideration of some of the "evidence" adduced. It is regrettable, at this date, to observe a mention of "that mosque at Sok el Juma, in which the bound and mutilated bodies of four hundred Arab women and children were discovered". Sok el Juma lies nearly a mile beyond the lines occupied by the Italians in October, far outside the zone of their activities during the days of revolt and repression. This persistent legend of the murdered women and children is not readily explicable, but it is impossible to connect the discovery of bodies at Sok el Juma with Italian "massacres".

Again, Mr. Ostler writes: "If Italian peasant women and children were starving through the country-side, not daring to venture near their homes because they knew that women and children would be caught and bound and tortured, as Arab women and children were caught and bound and tortured by Italian soldiers last October. . . ." It would be hard to find words adequate to condemn the implications of this sentence. For nearly fourteen months the Italians have fed and clothed and medically tended many hundreds of Arab women and children, including the wives and families of many who were fighting against them. They are rewarded by malevolent suggestions which outstrip the

worst that was said against the concentration camps in the South African war.

No one can deny that there were cases of excess in the repression which followed the Arab revolt. Men who for the first time have seen their dead, mutilated by Moslem ferocity, are hard to hold, and there were too few officers with the patrolling parties. No one can deny that some women and children were shot during the struggle in the oasis, as women and children have been shot in European street riots, or in bush-fighting all over the world. But there is no evidence of wholesale massacre, for the bazaar rumours and hasty generalisations which were put forward as evidence are not worthy of the name.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Ostler permitted himself to disfigure his book in the manner indicated, for he has the faculty of presenting in a few words the picture of a live man, a bustling camp, or a wide landscape. He seems to possess the knack of "getting on" with primitive peoples that is characteristic of many travelled Englishmen, yet for all his camaraderie with the Arabs of Tripoli he does not appear to have fathomed the fact that Arab action generally fails to keep pace with the winged words so bravely uttered. His book is tinged throughout with prophecy, expressed and implicit; with the prophecy that the Italian enterprise was bound to fail, and that the Arab resistance would never cease. Yet peace has come, and the Arab resistance has crumbled. The Italians have occupied Aziziah, Zavia, Gharian, Tarhuna, Sliten, and other centres. Chiefs have come in to make submission from Nalut, Fessatun, and Kasr Yeffren; and Ferhat Bey, deputy, orator and organiser, took a leading part in the reception accorded to General Lequio when the Italian flag was planted at Zavia.

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1909	10,474,343£379= £698,289	1909	10,417,809£196= £694,520
1910	32,713,702£862= £2,180,913	1910	32,405,749£125= £2,160,383
1911	19,211,608£073= £1,280,773	1911	19,149,261£613= £1,276,617

NOTE.—In the figures for 1910 are included part of the proceeds of the 1910 Loan, which were chiefly expended in the development and construction of Railways, Navigation Service, Redemption of the Floating Debt, and the repayment of a loan to the Municipality of the Capital of the State.

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**ANGLO-ARGENTINE TRAMWAYS.**

Mr. J. B. CONNANON presided at the general meeting of the Anglo-Argentine Tramways Company, Limited, on Monday.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said he was pleased to say that their business continued to progress. They had operated 339 miles of single track, as against 335 in the previous year, while the number of passengers carried was 316,260,077, being 17,105,242 in excess of those carried in 1911. The gross receipts for 1912 were £2,778,302, an increase of £146,466. On the expenditure side wages were £55,360 more, due mainly to their cars having run an additional 1,757,000 miles, and partly to higher wages and shorter hours. Cost of materials increased by £17,737, owing to heavier work on maintenance, and taxes consequent upon increased receipts were £20,782 more. On the other hand, they had the pleasing fact that, while the cost of current per unit was very high owing to dearer coal and freight, and although their cars ran 1,757,000 more miles, they had been able, thanks to improved methods, to effect a considerable reduction in the number of units consumed, so that the charge under this head showed a decrease of £8,702. With normal prices for coal and its freight to Buenos Ayres, the saving would have been about £39,400. The net increase in expenditure worked out at £85,093, and the increase in gross profit at £61,373. The amounts at credit of net revenue, including £10,946 carried in from 1911 (after placing £135,000 to credit of depreciation funds), was £364,281. The annuity payable to the city company, debenture charges, dividends on Preference shares, and the various sinking funds, absorbed £755,922, leaving a balance at credit of net revenue account of £209,306. An interim dividend of 4 per cent. had been paid upon the Ordinary shares, and the directors now recommended a dividend of 4½ per cent., making 8½ per cent. for the year, as against 7½ per cent. for 1911, leaving a balance of £9,253 14s. 5d. to be carried forward to the current year's accounts. It was gratifying to propose an increased dividend on the Ordinary shares, more particularly as the prior charges in 1912 showed an increase of £28,365 over those for 1911. It would be noticed that in the balance sheet their investments stood at £316,279, which was the cost price. On the other side there was an investment depreciation reserve fund of £9,131, but since the latter account was created he regretted to say that there was a further depreciation amounting, on 31 December last, to about £12,000. For the current year the receipts up to the 15th inst. showed an increase of £60,267, whilst the net profits to 31 March had also increased by £25,150. Although many of the services continued to be adversely affected by the construction of the subways, the directors anticipated satisfactory results for the complete year, and they looked forward with interest and confidence to the opening of the first subway section towards the end of this year. As to the possibility of competition from motor omnibuses, he would not have thought it necessary to refer to the matter but for the fact that reference had been made to the subject in some of the newspapers, prompted no doubt by the success attained by motor omnibuses in London. The conditions in London were quite different from those prevailing in Buenos Ayres. In London the tramways did not penetrate the most important business centres either in the City or in the West End, whereas the omnibuses did, and very good use they made of the advantage both from their own and the public point of view. In Buenos Ayres, however, practically every street leading from the suburbs to the business and shopping centres of the city was traversed by tramways, and everyone acquainted with Buenos Ayres was aware that those streets were so narrow and congested that there was not sufficient space for their cars to pass each other, so that the cars inward and outward bound had to run along parallel streets. The problem of relieving this congestion was always occupying the attention of the municipal authorities, and it seemed very unlikely that they would permit the introduction of omnibuses, but, assuming that they did, he was pretty confident that they would not compete successfully with their surface cars, and they certainly could not with their combined surface and subway systems. He was not aware of an omnibus company in this or any other country which was profitably worked in competition with a tramway company whose services tapped all the available sources of traffic.

Mr. T. Frame Thomson seconded the resolution, which was unanimously adopted.

**CALCUTTA TRAMWAYS.**

The Ordinary General Meeting of the shareholders of the Calcutta Tramways Company, Limited, was held on Thursday at 1 Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

Mr. E. C. Morgan (the Chairman) said: Once more it is my privilege to place before you the directors' report of the working of the tramways, this time for the year ended 31 December, 1912, and the explanatory figures for the same period. Taking, first, the capital expenditure account, you will see that there has been added the sum of £66 for ground, representing the deposit paid on the purchase of a small freehold plot of land at Shambazar, for the purpose of providing a turning loop to facilitate working, and the sum of £3719, cost of a new high-tension cable, to meet the demands of the increasing traffic. These two items, aggregating £3785, bring up the amount overspent on this account to £41,368. Taking next the revenue account, you will, we are sure, be pleased to observe that another record has been made in traffic receipts, the increase over last year amounting to nearly £15,000. Although the Royal visit was responsible for some of this, it is to the steady growth and expansion of our business, following on the increasing popularity of our service, which we attribute the main result. Turning to the expenditure side, it will be seen that the largest proportion of the aggregate increase is under the power expenses, due to outlay under various heads, and including the cost of a thorough overhaul of the whole plant. Included also under this heading is the cost of the removal from Howrah and the installation at Nonapookur of our largest Diesel engine, which was not required at Howrah, and is of considerable service to us in reinforcing our Calcutta plant. As mentioned in the report, in addition to the amount expended in thoroughly overhauling the power-house plant, the whole of which has been charged against revenue account, certain expenditure has been incurred in additional plant for the purpose of adding to the general efficiency of the plant as a whole. This additional cost has been written off against the reserve account, to strengthen which an extra £5000 has been set aside this year, making the total contribution £15,000. The small increase in traffic expenses is, of course, owing to the increased mileage run, while the increase under maintenance and repairs is principally due to the provision of a new cross-over road, in the erection of a public shelter at esplanade, store buildings, &c., and of additional flat wagons and a motor car. The result, after debiting fixed charges, is an available balance of £54,028, which the directors are proposing to deal with by the payment of a final dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, making 7½ per cent. for the year, placing £15,000 to reserve, and carrying forward £4626. With the system in first-class order, and a capable organisation, maintaining a thoroughly efficient service, we look forward with every confidence to the continued prosperity of the company. I now beg to propose: "That the directors' report and statement of accounts to 31 December, 1912, as submitted to this meeting, be received and adopted."

The motion was carried unanimously, and a dividend passed on the Ordinary shares at the rate of 5s. per share, making, with the interim dividend already paid, a total for the year of 7½ per cent.

**SOUTH WEST AFRICA COMPANY, LIMITED.**

The Ordinary General Meeting of the South West Africa Company, Limited, was held on Tuesday, Mr. Edmund Davis (the Chairman) presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. C. Launspach) having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors,

The Chairman said: The issued capital at £1,750,000 was the same as at 31 December 1911; unclaimed dividends at £88 6s. 6d. compare with £696 5s. 6d. at the former date. Creditors, £38,560 9s. 1d., showed a small reduction, comparing with £39,648 6s. 10d. This item was principally made up of amounts reserved for income tax, difference in exchange, directors' percentage of profits and an amount of £5625, being the proportion for nine months covered by the accounts of the third annual subsidy of £7500 payable to the Otavi Minen und Eisenbahn Gesellschaft in connection with the Otavi-Großfontein Railway transaction. Land sales account stood at £19,082 13s. 9d., an increase of £5477 15s. 4d., being the amount of sales made during the period covered by the accounts. Profit and loss consisted in the first instance of the balance brought in at 31 December 1911 as per last accounts, £184,760 8s. 2d., from which they had deducted the dividend and bonus, both free of income tax, which were declared on 19 April 1912, amounting to £131,250, leaving a balance of £53,510 8s. 2d. To this had been added £81,908 11s. 9d., being the profit for the year ending 31 December 1912, as shown in the profit and loss account, after deduction of directors' percentage of profits, £4310 19s. 7d., making a balance of profit at 31 December 1912 of £135,418 19s. 11d. The items cash, investments, and debtors at 31 December 1912 made a total of £1,753,030, which was about equal to the issued capital of the company—a very satisfactory and sound position. Shares in other companies and participation in shares pooled, less amounts written off, stood at £93,300, which compared with £121,311. Included under this heading was their holding of Genussscheine in the Otavi Minen und Eisenbahn Gesellschaft, consisting at 31 December 1912 of 39,535 shares, which were included in the total at the nominal figure of £4490, though at the date of the accounts they were worth about £135,000. The company's Damaraland concessions now stood in their books at £52,844, but that was far from representing the value of that particular asset. The Otavi Company for the twelve months ended 31 March 1913 had shipped 44,550 tons of ore, 655 tons of copper matte, and 400 tons of metallic lead, an increase over the figures for the previous twelve months of 14,850 tons of ore, though a decrease of 765 tons of copper matte and 500 tons of lead. The prospects of the company were favourable. The Otavi Exploring Syndicate during the year under review had vigorously carried on operations in the tin-bearing districts in the centre of the colony on a number of properties held in its own name and on others over which it had option rights. In connection with those operations 66 tons of tin concentrates had been won from the alluvial down to 31 December last, six tons in January, and probably about the same tonnage in February and March. Of the output, 35 tons had been shipped and sold in Europe, realising about £5000. No indication of reef formation of a satisfactory value had resulted from the development operations. The South West Africa Company still retained a large interest in the Kaoko Land and Mining Company, regarding which at the last meeting he informed the shareholders that the iron ore discoveries might turn out to be a very important proposition. Satisfactory samples had been received from some of the deposits, but to mine ore in the Kaoko territory it would be necessary not only that the deposits should be very large and rich, but that the same should be connected with a suitable point on the coast by means of a railway of about 600 kilometres. Such a scheme to be successful could only be handled by a very influential group. The German Government, however, had not fallen in with their views on the subject of taxation, and that being so, the directors considered that it would have been a waste of time to proceed further with any scheme. They still hoped that some arrangement might be come to with the Government. The balance sheet showed at 31 December 1912 an amount of cash, investments, debtors and unpaid purchase-money of farms secured on first mortgage, which, allowing for creditors, roughly represented the issued capital of the company. They also had shares in other companies, standing in the balance sheet at £93,300, including Otavi Genussscheine, worth about £135,000, and other mining shares having a marketable value of about £44,000. They therefore had in realisable assets an amount equal to about 21s. 6d. per share. In addition, they had their rights in the Damaraland Concession and Ovamboland concession areas, covering together over 40,000 square miles, their holdings in the Kaoko Company and the Otavi Exploring Syndicate, their holding of two-thirds of the share capital of the South African Company, which had mining rights over 66,000 square miles in Portuguese Angola, and various smaller assets. He must leave it to the shareholders and the public to draw their own conclusions. He moved: "That the report of the directors, together with the statement of the company's accounts at 31 December 1912, duly audited, be now received, approved, and adopted, and that a dividend of 5 per cent., free of income tax, be declared, such dividend to be payable on or after the 1st proximo."

Mr. George Cawston seconded the resolution.

In reply to criticisms by Mr. A. W. Harris and other shareholders,

The Chairman said that the directors agreed with the suggestion that the report and balance sheet in future should be published in Germany and in England on the same day, which would enable Continental shareholders to be more fully represented at the meetings of the company. The directors, however, were gratified to have received proxies for over 600,000 shares, nearly all from the Continent, which was a matter of great encouragement to the board. He had not dealt in the shares of the company since 1901 except to increase his holding, which to-day was 10,000 shares. Those he intended to retain as long as he was Chairman of the Company. He denied that he had ever dealt in the shares of any company of which he was a director through nominees. As a matter of fact the whole of his operations were, and always had been, open to the investigation of anybody who chose to look at the share registers.

The report was unanimously adopted.



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